

ST. NICHOLAS.

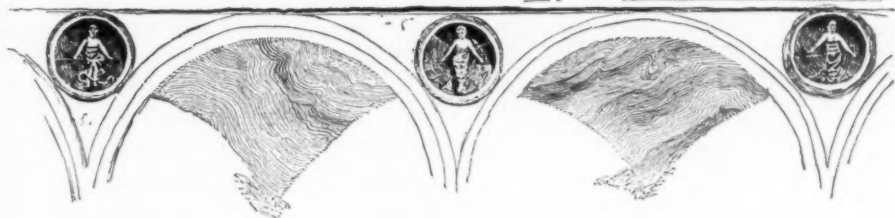
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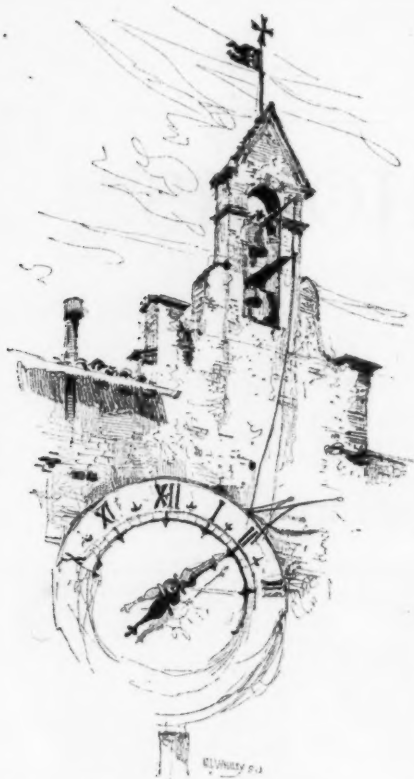
SOME FAMOUS FLORENTINE BABIES.



MORE than five hundred years ago the good people of Florence were much troubled because of the many poor homeless children in their city. There were but few foundling asylums in those days, and the poor little waifs and strays perished miserably or grew up to be beggars and thieves, excepting now and then when they were found in time and cared for by kind men and women. And so it was decided that there ought to be a home, where all could be taken in and saved from their misery. And no sooner was the good work thought of than every one wished to do something to help it. Leonardo Aretino, one of the greatest scholars of that day, spoke so earnestly and eloquently about it, that Giovanni de' Medici, the gonfaloniere of justice, or chief magistrate of the city, took the matter into his own hands, and commanded that an asylum should be built. One of the most powerful Florentine associations of workmen, known as the guild of silk, agreed to manage the work. A famous architect furnished the designs for it, and a great artist made it beautiful with his dec-

orations. It is about these that I wish especially to tell you. And to do so, I must begin with a few words about the artist and his family.

There lived in Florence, in the fifteenth century, a sculptor whose name was Luca della Robbia. He was the son of a Florentine. He was taught, when a child, to read and write, and then, while he was still young, he was apprenticed to one of the goldsmiths whose work was famous throughout Europe. But, like many other young Florentines who have begun life as he did, he did not keep very long at this work, but became a sculptor. He cared so much for his work—as much as most boys of his age care for play—that he would keep at it all night long. Sometimes he would be very cold, for Florence, with high mountains all around it, is cold enough in winter; and even in summer-time a sculptor's studio, full of wet clay, as it must always be, is chilly and damp. But Luca bore it bravely, only stopping now and then to kindle a fire of shavings with which to warm his half-frozen feet. He lived for a while in



THE TOWER OF THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL IN FLORENCE.

Rimini, but it was at this time that artists in Florence were working with their whole hearts and souls to make their new cathedral beautiful. There never were people who loved their city as the Florentines loved theirs, and Luca hurried back, that he too might have a share in the great decorations. And very lovely were his contributions, for he represented on a marble bas-relief for the organ-screen a choir of boys singing and playing on many musical instruments, and so life-like are they, that as you look at them you almost forget they are marble, and wait to hear their music.

But it is by another kind of work that Luca della Robbia is best known. For he longed, in his great ambition, to do what no one else had done; and there were Florentine sculptors as great as he, and even greater. And so he soon began to work in clay alone, which he glazed and colored, and in this way he made beautiful things which every one wanted as soon as they were seen. And orders from churches and convents,

from palaces and hospitals, poured in upon him; for no one knew the secret of this kind of work but himself. And, by and by, he had more commissions than he could attend to, and so he called to him his brothers—they all were sculptors—and he told them the secret, and they and their sons worked with him. And one of the nephews of the great Luca, known as Andrea, became almost as famous as his uncle. And so they went on working and sending their lovely reliefs to every part of Italy for many years. But the family died out with Luca's grandchildren, and as none of them had ever revealed their secret, no one after their death could work in majolica, or glazed clay, as they had done.

It was with this majolica that Andrea, the great Luca's nephew, decorated the asylum for the poor children—the Spedale degl' Innocenti, as it was called. On the outer side of the building, toward the broad piazza by which it stands, is an arcade. On this he set up a row of medallions, each of which represents a baby in swaddling-clothes. The medallions are colored in blue, but the pretty little babies are white; and, though there are many of them, no two are alike. Some have curling hair tumbling over their foreheads; some have the short straight locks you so often see on real babies; and some have hardly any hair at all. Here is one who looks as if he were laughing outright; here another who is half pouting; and here still another, who is smiling in that gentle, quiet way in which babies so often smile in their sleep, when their mothers or nurses will tell you the angels are whispering to them. It was a pretty idea to put these little figures where every one passing can see them, and where they seem like suppliants for the children within, whose smiles and pouts too often change to tears and wailing, and whose needs are many.

If you go under the arcade and into the square around which the asylum is built, you will see over a door on your left another bas-relief by the same great master. It is a picture of the Annunciation, that hour when Mary, the mother of the Saviour, was told of the coming of the Holy Child; it is a subject which the old artists never grew tired of representing, either on canvas, or in marble or clay. But nowhere can you find one more beautiful than this of Andrea della Robbia; and around the group, like a border, is a semicircle of cherubs' heads. Such demure little angels as some of them are, with hair neatly parted in the middle, and a resigned or attentive expression on their fresh baby faces! But others look so mischievous and roguish that you feel sure, if they were to come to life and descend from their high place, they would play many merry, fairy-like pranks.



ONE OF THE DELLA ROBBIAS MEDALLIONS ON THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL IN FLORENCE.

The hospital grew richer as time went on, until to-day it supports more than seven thousand poor friendless children. But they do not all live in the old building, with its beautiful decorations. Boys, when they are old enough, are sent out into the country that they may work in the fields. Girls

are made servants or are taught a trade. But they all are under the care of the charity founded by the good Florentines so many years ago; and when they are in trouble they go back to the old building designed by Brunelleschi and decorated by Andrea della Robbia, with the beautiful little



ONE OF THE DELLA ROBBIAS MEDALLIONS ON THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL IN FLORENCE.

figures, called nowadays the Della Robbia *Bambini* (or babies).

And so, year after year children are brought in, to grow up and go out into the great world, and to have their places taken by more poor little shelterless ones, of whom there are in Florence, as in every other large city, always too many. But, while foundlings have come and gone, the pretty

white babies have never moved from their blue beds over the arcade, and they still smile and pout and laugh at the passer-by, whether the rain pours down upon them, or whether the sun shines over the wide piazza, even as they did in the days long ago before the last of the Della Robbias had died and their beautiful secret of making their special kind of glazed majolica had been lost forever.

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.



PIAZZA AND FRONT OF THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL IN FLORENCE.

GRANDFATHER'S VALENTINE.

OUT in the sunshine golden,
The pomegranates glow
With waxen cups vermilion;
The roses are in blow;
Betwixt the dusk magnolias,
I see the red-birds' wings,
And in the swaying live-oaks
A merry mocker sings.

The orange-trees are budded;
The jasmines hang with gold;
And 'neath the solemn pine-trees,
Sand-lilies white unfold.

FLORIDA, February, 1886.

But oh, my heart's beloved,
My little love, my dear,
It seems like dreary winter
Because you are not here!

You have my heart, my darling,
Up in the land of cold;
And with you is the summer,
My Rose, my six-year-old.
I feel the winter weather,
For I am sixty-nine.

Oh, come and bring the summer,
My dearest Valentine!

GRANDFATHER.

FISH-SPEARING THROUGH THE ICE.

BY J. O. ROOREACH.

ABOUT thirty years ago, I was stranded by the severe winter weather, which put a stop to navigation, at the old army station of Green Bay, now a flourishing city in the great State of Wisconsin, at the mouth of the Fox River,—at the southwestern extremity of a long arm of Lake Michigan. Society in that far-off army post, though cut off by the long winter from the outside world, was very delightful in those days, and the good times I had, both indoors and out, during those snow-bound months, I have never forgotten.

But what I wish especially to describe for the boy readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* is a curious Indian custom that I discovered in the course of my winter rambles. I had frequently noticed, while booming along the ice road on Fox River behind one of the fast little French ponies, a curious lot of black dots on the ice, in the retired nooks and coves along the farther shore. "What are they?" I asked; and the invariable reply was: "They are Indians fishing." This puzzled me still more, and I resolved to investigate. So one day I crossed the frozen river, and, approaching one of those mysterious black dots, found it to be apparently only a bundle in a blanket, scarcely large enough to contain a human form. But, looking closer, I could see, first from one bundle and then from another, the quick motion of a pole, or spear-handle, bobbing up and down. A word, a touch, even a gentle push, only called out a grunt in reply, but at last one bundle did stretch itself into a bright young Indian brave with wondering and wonderful eyes peering at me from under a mop of black and glossy hair. A little tobacco, a little pantomime, and a little broken English succeeded in making him understand that I wished to know how he carried on his fishing under that funny heap.

Then I saw it all. Seated, Turk fashion, on the border of his blanket, which he could thus draw up so as to entirely envelop himself in it, he was completely in the dark, so far as the daylight was concerned; and, thus enshrouded, he was hovering over a round hole in the ice, about eighteen inches in diameter. A small tripod of birch sticks erected over the hole helped to hold up the blanket and steady a spear, which, with a delicate handle nine or ten feet long, was held in the right hand, the tines resting on the edge of the hole, and the end of the pole sticking through an opening in the blanket above. From the other hand,

dropped into the water a string on the end of which was a rude wooden decoy-fish, small enough to represent bait to the unsuspecting perch or pickerel who should spy it. This decoy was loaded so as to sink slowly, and was so moved and maneuvered as to imitate the motions of a living fish.

Crawling under the blanket with my Indian friend, I was surprised at the distinctness and beauty with which everything could be seen by the subdued light that came up through the ice. The bottom of the river, six or eight feet below us, was clearly visible, and seemed barely four feet away. The grasses, vegetable growths, and spots of pebbly bottom formed curious little vistas and recesses, in some of which dreamily floated a school of perch and smaller fish. Each little air-bubble sparkled like a gem, and the eye delighted in tracing and watching the mystery of beautiful water formations, where every crevice seemed a little fairy world, with changing lights or shadows made by the sunlight through the transparent ice.

The wooden decoy-fish, meanwhile, was being delicately handled by the Indian fisherman, now raised gently to the top of the water, then sinking slowly; the very action of sinking and the position of its artificial fins made it run forward, now this way, and now that, until it really seemed alive.

Suddenly, from somewhere—I could not tell where, it seemed to come by magic—a large "dory," or "moon-eyed pike," appeared on the river bottom. The watchful Indian slowly raised the decoy-bait toward the surface, the larger fish following it with interested and puzzled eyes. There was a sudden movement of the spear; down it darted; its sharp prongs pierced the unsuspecting pike, which was speedily drawn up and thrown wriggling on the ice. Then the blanket was re-adjusted, and the fishing was resumed. My bright young Indian friend said he could catch from twenty to thirty pounds of fish in an afternoon in this manner, and sometimes could even secure double that quantity.

So ingenious and exciting a method of fishing interested me greatly, and when, years after, I again visited Green Bay, with two bright boys and zealous fishermen of my own, we, with some other wide-awake young fellows, adapted the Indian method of fishing,—which was somewhat too rough to be literally followed,—to suit the abilities and ingenuities of civilized American lads.



INDIANS SPEAR-FISHING FOR PICKEREL AT THE MOUTH OF THE FOX RIVER, WISCONSIN.

Since then the two boys have put our experiment into practical use on some of the best known pickerel ponds of New Jersey, and at one time they came out ahead in a fishing-match against two men with several set lines each.

For such boys, therefore, as have interest or opportunity for such sport, I will describe this mode of fishing, in detail.

In the first place, we built a house, or shelter,—a grand improvement upon the Indian blanket,—making it possible for the sport to be comfortable, as well as exciting and interesting. This shelter, which can be made of any convenient boards from an inch to an inch and a half thick, was about four feet high, four feet long, and three feet wide at the bottom,—and two feet long and eighteen inches wide at the top. The front only of the shelter was perpendicular, which caused the other three sides to slant. We left a four-inch square hole in the top, which was level, about three inches from the slanting end, so that the spear, which



passed through it, would come about over the center of the bottom. To cover this hole we used a block one foot square, with a three-inch hole in the middle. To exclude light from around the spear, we tacked a cloth funnel to the outer edges of the block, firmly fastening it with inch square strips nailed on. This funnel was long enough to exclude the light by rumpling or wrinkling around the pole, while the opening was loose enough to admit of free and vigorous action. The illustra-

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tion on this page affords the best description of the house, which can of course be modified to suit the tastes or convenience of any one who may choose to build a little structure of the kind. One of my friends uses a six-foot-square house with a floor, a seat, and a small charcoal stove; he can thus enjoy a change of position, his pipe, or book, at leisure, at such times as the fish are not running.

iron, with tines four inches long. If quarter-inch iron is used, the tines should be six inches long; if one-eighth inch, four inches will be long enough. Any blacksmith can make these tines with barbs as shown in the figure on the next page. We had them pointed and bent at the upper end, so as to be driven into the handle, as shown by the dotted lines.

Our spear-handles were made from straight pine-



BOY-SPEARERS ON A NEW JERSEY PICKEREL-POND.

The best time for the sport is just before and just after sunset.

Of course no floor is necessary, and any block or bit of board which raises the sportsman a few inches from the ice would serve for a seat.

I must add by way of caution that every hole or crack in the box should be covered; as a direct ray of light not only obstructs the vision, but prevents fish from coming to the hole. Any opening that may be discovered after setting up the box on the ice, can be closed with a handful of snow.

The tines of the spears which we used were made of quarter-inch, round iron; and for fish weighing two or three pounds, three-sixteenths or one-eighth iron will answer. I have caught four and five pound pickerel on a spear of one-eighth inch



or spruce shingle laths about one and a quarter inches wide, tapering from the thickness of the lath at one end, to three-fourths of an inch at the other. They may be from nine to twelve feet in length — but a good average is ten feet.

The handle should be grooved so that the tines

FIG. 3.
DIAGRAM OF THE SPEAR.

may be sunk at least half-way into it, to prevent slipping or twisting. They should be lashed very tightly and carefully to the pole with stove-pipe wire or any other malleable wire.

The artificial bait or minnow, of which there are two outline figures on this page, we whittled out of pine. They were three or four inches long, and in proportions as drawn. In the side-view,



Fig 1



Fig. 2.

DIAGRAMS OF THE ARTIFICIAL BAIT.

the dotted and shaded part, A, shows the shape and proportion of a hollow, opening from below, to be run full of melted lead; we made these hollows larger at the top, so that the lead would not drop out, and poured in lead enough to sink the minnow rapidly. After cutting out the hole, and before running in the lead, we drove in the side-fins, which we cut from bits of tin with a pair of strong scissors. The dotted lines show how these fins met in the center of the space which held lead. The lead thus held the fins, and the fins kept the lead more securely in place. The back-fin was also cut from tin and driven into a slit made with a knife along the back. A bent pin made a small eye, or staple, which was set over the center of the lead and just ahead of the back fin. We definitely settled the position of the staple by tying a fine fish-line to it and experimenting in a pail of water. When the fish hung perfectly level, the staple was in the proper position. By pulling the string, the resistance of the water on the side-fins caused the fish to shoot ahead; and on slackening the thread, it also shot ahead while sinking; in this way, by giving the thread little short jerks and alternately lifting and lowering, we made our decoy-bait to play about in very fish-like motions.

Sometimes we used uncolored minnows, and sometimes we painted them white, the back a dark greenish gray.

The young fisherman must not keep too continued an action with the bait; but he should merely raise and lower it a few inches, by little half-inch jerks, for a few minutes at a time; every once in a while, however, he may raise it quickly nearly to the top of the hole. Here it should be made to swim and glide about, in whatever way it will, while

sinking to a depth of three or four feet. Then it should be guided in a circle around the outer limit as far as can be seen, then returned to the center, about three or four feet down; and again, kept almost still. Probably the fisherman will suddenly be surprised to see a large fish almost under his eyes. Now, without excitement, gradually lifting the bait with one hand, with the other he takes the spear, and poises it over the fish, letting it gently slide through the hand and approach him, while he attracts his intended victim with the motions of the bait.

When he has lowered the spear to about eighteen

inches or a foot from the fish's back, being careful to keep the hand raised, he should strike it suddenly and he will be apt to catch. This is a trick which any one can soon learn. Of course a few failures must be expected, at first.

If a lad feel nervous and uncertain, and can not use both hands as described, let him throw the line over the left knee so as to hold the minnow just over the fish, which will probably remain long enough for him to lower the spear gently with both hands and to strike with certainty. As a rule the boys followed this course, but the expert manner is that first described.

During a snow-storm or on a partly cloudy day, or just before and after sunset, are the best times for successful sport.

It will not be difficult to see; for if the box shuts out all outside light, it will be beautifully transparent and clear below, even until late in the evening. If the ice is covered with snow, it should be cleared away for a space.

A thick overcoat should be worn, although the animal heat in the box will make the spearman warm enough, and sometimes too warm. I have fished comfortably when the thermometer was ten degrees below zero.

The door of the house should be on the left hand of the spearman, who should sit with his back to the perpendicular end. When he catches a fish, he unbuttons the door, pokes the fish outside, pulls the spear in, and resumes fishing.

On many of our inland lakes and ponds this fish-spearing can be combined with a day's skating and other amusements, and will give to many a boy a good day's sport which he will long remember.

VOICES OF PROPHECY.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

WHEN I to the woodland was wont to repair,
In the season of pleasure and mirth,
It rustled to myriad flocks of the air
And numberless tribes of the earth.

How slender the sound that is echoed here now
These bright, frozen arches to thrill! —
The snap of a twig or the creak of a bough
Or the sigh of the wind on the hill.

The nest of the warbler is empty and tossed;
The partridge is lonely and shy;
And, clad in a livery white as the frost,
The rabbit slips silently by.

The squirrel is hid in the heart of a tree,
Secure from the sleet and the snow.
And who was so merry and saucy as he? —
The jauntiest fellow I know!

Yet, under the burden of ice at its brink,
All shining and glassy and gray,
The sweet-throated stream where I loitered to drink
Is murmuring still on its way.

And hark! what a note from the dusky retreat
The bird of the winter sends forth!
Who taught you defiance of tempest and sleet,
O lover and loved of the North?

Though forest and hill-side are heavy with snow,
Yet hope is alive in the breast,—
The water, imprisoned, is calling below;
The chickadee chirps of her nest!



LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was during the voyage that Cedric's mother told him that his home was not to be hers; and when he first understood it, his grief was so great that Mr. Havisham saw that the Earl had been wise in making the arrangements that his mother should be quite near him, and see him often; for it was very plain he could not have borne the separation otherwise. But his mother managed the little fellow so sweetly and lovingly, and made him feel that she would be so near him, that, after a while, he ceased to be oppressed by the fear of any real parting.

"My house is not far from the Castle, Ceddie," she repeated each time the subject was referred to — "a very little way from yours, and you can always run in and see me every day, and you will have so many things to tell me! and we shall be so happy together! It is a beautiful place. Your papa has often told me about it. He loved it very much; and you will love it too."

"I should love it better if you were there," his small lordship said, with a heavy little sigh.

He could not but feel puzzled by so strange a state of affairs, which could put his "Dearest" in one house and himself in another.

The fact was that Mrs. Errol had thought it better not to tell him why this plan had been made.

"I should prefer he should not be told," she said to Mr. Havisham. "He would not really understand; he would only be shocked and hurt; and I feel sure that his feeling for the Earl will be a more natural and affectionate one if he does not know that his grandfather dislikes me so bitterly. He has never seen hatred or hardness, and it would be a great blow to him to find out that any one could hate me. He is so loving himself, and I am so dear to him! It is better for him that he should not be told until he is much older, and it is far better for the Earl. It would make a barrier between them, even though Ceddie is such a child."

So Cedric only knew that there was some mysterious reason for the arrangement, some reason which he was not old enough to understand, but which would be explained when he was older. He was puzzled; but, after all, it was not the reason he cared about so much; and after many talks with his mother, in which she comforted him and placed before him the bright side of the picture, the dark side of it gradually began to fade out, though now

and then Mr. Havisham saw him sitting in some queer little old-fashioned attitude, watching the sea, with a very grave face, and more than once he heard an unchildish sigh rise to his lips.

"I don't like it," he said once as he was having one of his almost venerable talks with the lawyer. "You don't know how much I don't like it; but there are a great many troubles in this world, and you have to bear them. Mary says so, and I've heard Mr. Hobbs say it too. And Dearest wants me to like to live with my grandpapa, because, you see, all his children are dead, and that's very mournful. It makes you sorry for a man, when all his children have died — and one was killed suddenly."

One of the things which always delighted the people who made the acquaintance of his young lordship was the sage little air he wore at times when he gave himself up to conversation; — combined with his occasionally elderly remarks and the extreme innocence and seriousness of his round childish face, it was irresistible. He was such a handsome, blooming, curly-headed little fellow, that, when he sat down and nursed his knee with his chubby hands, and conversed with much gravity, he was a source of great entertainment to his hearers. Gradually Mr. Havisham had begun to derive a great deal of private pleasure and amusement from his society.

"And so you are going to try to like the Earl," he said.

"Yes," answered his lordship. "He's my relation, and of course you have to like your relations; and besides, he's been very kind to me. When a person does so many things for you, and wants you to have everything you wish for, of course you'd like him if he was n't your relation; but when he's your relation and does that, why, you're very fond of him."

"Do you think," suggested Mr. Havisham, "that he will be fond of you?"

"Well," said Cedric, "I think he will, because, you see, I'm his relation, too, and I'm his boy's little boy besides, and, well, don't you see — of course he must be fond of me now, or he would n't want me to have everything that I like, and he would n't have sent you for me."

"Oh!" remarked the lawyer, "that's it, is it?"

"Yes," said Cedric, "that's it. Don't you think that's it, too? Of course a man would be fond of his grandson."

The people who had been seasick had no sooner recovered from their seasickness, and come on deck to recline in their steamer-chairs and enjoy themselves, than every one seemed to know the romantic story of little Lord Fauntleroy, and every one took an interest in the little fellow, who ran about the ship or walked with his mother or the tall, thin old lawyer, or talked to the sailors. Every one liked him; he made friends everywhere. He was ever ready to make friends. When the gentlemen walked up and down the deck, and let him walk with them, he stepped out with a manly, sturdy little tramp, and answered all their jokes with much gay enjoyment; when the ladies talked to him, there was always laughter in the group of which he was the center; when he played with the children, there was always magnificent fun on hand. Among the sailors he had the heartiest friends; he heard miraculous stories about pirates and shipwrecks and desert islands; he learned to splice ropes and rig toy ships, and gained an amount of information concerning "tops'les" and "mains'les," quite surprising. His conversation had, indeed, quite a nautical flavor at times, and on one occasion he raised a shout of laughter in a group of ladies and gentlemen who were sitting on deck, wrapped in shawls and overcoats, by saying sweetly, and with a very engaging expression:

"Shiver my timbers, but it's a cold day!"

It surprised him when they laughed. He had picked up this sea-faring remark from an "elderly naval man" of the name of Jerry, who told him stories in which it occurred frequently. To judge from his stories of his own adventures, Jerry had made some two or three thousand voyages, and had been invariably shipwrecked on each occasion on an island densely populated with bloodthirsty cannibals. Judging, also, by these same exciting adventures, he had been partially roasted and eaten frequently and had been scalped some fifteen or twenty times.

"That is why he is so bald," explained Lord Fauntleroy to his mamma. "After you have been scalped several times the hair never grows again. Jerry's never grew after that last time, when the King of the Parromachaweekins did it with the knife made out of the skull of the Chief of the Wopslemumpkies. He says it was one of the most serious times he ever had. He was so frightened that his hair stood right straight up when the king flourished his knife, and it never would lie down, and the king wears it that way now, and it looks something like a hair-brush. I never heard anything like the asperiences Jerry has had! I should so like to tell Mr. Hobbs about them!"

Sometimes, when the weather was very disagreeable and people were kept below decks in the saloon,

a party of his grown-up friends would persuade him to tell them some of these "asperiences" of Jerry's, and as he sat relating them with great delight and fervor, there was certainly no more popular voyager on any ocean steamer crossing the Atlantic than little Lord Fauntleroy. He was always innocently and good-naturedly ready to do his small best to add to the general entertainment,



JERRY NARRATES SOME OF HIS ADVENTURES.

and there was a charm in the very unconsciousness of his own childish importance.

"Jerry's stories int'rust them very much," he said to his mamma. "For my part—you must excuse me, Dearest—but sometimes I should have thought they could n't be all quite true, if they had n't happened to Jerry himself; but as they all happened to Jerry—well, it's very strange, you know, and perhaps sometimes he may forget and be a little mistaken, as he's been scalped so often.

Being scalped a great many times might make a person forgetful."

It was eleven days after he had said good-bye to his friend Dick before he reached Liverpool; and it was on the night of the twelfth day that the carriage, in which he and his mother and Mr. Havisham had driven from the station, stopped before the gates of Court Lodge. They could not see much of the house in the darkness. Cedric only saw that there was a driveway under great arching trees, and after the carriage had rolled down this driveway a short distance, he saw an open door and a stream of bright light coming through it.

Mary had come with them to attend her mistress, and she had reached the house before them. When Cedric jumped out of the carriage he saw one or two servants standing in the wide, bright hall, and Mary stood in the doorway.

Lord Fauntleroy sprang at her with a gay little shout.

"Did you get here, Mary?" he said. "Here's Mary, Dearest," and he kissed the maid on her rough red cheek.

"I am glad you are here, Mary," Mrs. Errol said to her in a low voice. "It is such a comfort to me to see you. It takes the strangeness away." And she held out her little hand which Mary squeezed encouragingly. She knew how this first "strangeness" must feel to this little mother who had left her own land and was about to give up her child.

The English servants looked with curiosity at both the boy and his mother. They had heard all sorts of rumors about them both; they knew how angry the old Earl had been, and why Mrs. Errol was to live at the lodge and her little boy at the castle; they knew all about the great fortune he was to inherit, and about the savage old grandfather and his gout and his tempers.

"He 'll have no easy time of it, poor little chap," they had said among themselves.

But they did not know what sort of a little lord had come among them; they did not quite understand the character of the next Earl of Dorincourt.

He pulled off his overcoat quite as if he were used to doing things for himself, and began to look about him. He looked about the broad hall, at the pictures and stags' antlers and curious things that ornamented it. They seemed curious to him because he had never seen such things before in a private house.

"Dearest," he said, "this is a very pretty house, is n't it? I am glad you are going to live here. It's quite a large house."

It was quite a large house compared to the one in the shabby New York street, and it was

very pretty and cheerful. Mary led them upstairs to a bright chintz-hung bedroom where a fire was burning, and a large snow-white Persian cat was sleeping luxuriously on the white fur hearth-rug.

"It was the house-kaper up at the Castle, ma'am, sint her to yez," explained Mary. "It 's herself is a kind-hearted lady an' has had iverything done to prepar' fur yez. I seen her meself a few minnits, an' she was fond av the Capt'in, ma'am, an' graivs fur him; and she said to say the big cat slapin' on the rug moight make the room same homeloike to yez. She knowed Capt'in Errol whin he was a bye—an' a foine handsum' bye she ses he was, an' a foine young man wid a plisint word fur every one, great an' shmall. An' ses I to her, ses I: 'He 's lift a bye that 's loike him, ma'am, fur a foiner little felly niver stipped in shoe-leather.'"

When they were ready, they went downstairs into another big bright room; its ceiling was low, and the furniture was heavy and beautifully carved, the chairs were deep and had high massive backs, and there were queer shelves and cabinets with strange, pretty ornaments on them. There was a great tiger-skin before the fire, and an arm-chair on each side of it. The stately white cat had responded to Lord Fauntleroy's stroking and followed him downstairs, and when he threw himself down upon the rug, she curled herself up grandly beside him as if she intended to make friends. Cedric was so pleased that he put his head down by hers, and lay stroking her, not noticing what his mother and Mr. Havisham were saying.

They were, indeed, speaking in a rather low tone. Mrs. Errol looked a little pale and agitated.

"He need not go to-night?" she said. "He will stay with me to-night?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Havisham in the same low tone; "it will not be necessary for him to go to-night. I myself will go to the Castle as soon as we have dined, and inform the Earl of our arrival."

Mrs. Errol glanced down at Cedric. He was lying in a graceful, careless attitude upon the black-and-yellow skin; the fire shone on his handsome, flushed little face, and on the tumbled, curly hair spread out on the rug; the big cat was purring in drowsy content, she liked the caressing touch of the kind little hand on her fur.

Mrs. Errol smiled faintly.

"His lordship does not know all that he is taking from me," she said rather sadly. Then she looked at the lawyer. "Will you tell him, if you please," she said, "that I should rather not have the money?"

"The money!" Mr. Havisham exclaimed. "You can not mean the income he proposed to settle upon you!"

"Yes," she answered, quite simply; "I think I

should rather not have it. I am obliged to accept the house, and I thank him for it, because it makes it possible for me to be near my child; but I have a little money of my own,—enough to live simply upon,—and I should rather not take the other. As he dislikes me so much, I should feel a little as if I were selling Cedric to him. I am giving him up only because I love him enough to forget myself for his good, and because his father would wish it to be so."

Mr. Havisham rubbed his chin.

"This is very strange," he said. "He will be very angry. He won't understand it."

"I think he will understand it, after he thinks it over," she said. "I do not really need the money, and why should I accept luxuries from the man who hates me so much that he takes my little boy from me—his son's child?"

Mr. Havisham looked reflective for a few moments.

"I will deliver your message," he said afterward.

And then the dinner was brought in and they sat down together, the big cat taking a seat on a chair near Cedric's and purring majestically throughout the meal.

When, later in the evening, Mr. Havisham presented himself at the Castle, he was taken at once to the Earl. He found him sitting by the fire in a luxurious easy-chair, his foot on a gout-stool. He looked at the lawyer sharply from under his shaggy eyebrows, but Mr. Havisham could see that, in spite of his pretense at calmness, he was nervous and secretly excited.

"Well," he said; "well, Havisham, come back, have you? What's the news?"

"Lord Fauntleroy and his mother are at Court Lodge," replied Mr. Havisham. "They bore the voyage very well and are in excellent health."

The Earl made a half-impatient sound and moved his hand restlessly.

"Glad to hear it," he said brusquely. "So far, so good. Make yourself comfortable. Have a glass of wine and settle down. What else?"

"His lordship remains with his mother to-night. To-morrow I will bring him to the Castle."

The Earl's elbow was resting on the arm of his chair; he put his hand up and shielded his eyes with it.

"Well," he said; "go on. You know I told you not to write to me about the matter, and I know nothing whatever about it. What kind of a lad is he? I don't care about the mother; what sort of a lad is he?"

Mr. Havisham drank a little of the glass of port he had poured out for himself, and sat holding it in his hand.

"It is rather difficult to judge of the character of a child of seven," he said cautiously.

The Earl's prejudices were very intense. He looked up quickly and uttered a rough word.

"A fool, is he?" he exclaimed. "Or a clumsy cub? His American blood tells, does it?"

"I do not think it has injured him, my lord," replied the lawyer in his dry, deliberate fashion. "I don't know much about children, but I thought him rather a fine lad."

His manner of speech was always deliberate and unenthusiastic, but he made it a trifle more so than usual. He had a shrewd fancy that it would be better that the Earl should judge for himself, and be quite unprepared for his first interview with his grandson.

"Healthy and well-grown?" asked my lord.

"Apparently very healthy, and quite well-grown," replied the lawyer.

"Straight-limbed and well enough to look at?" demanded the Earl.

A very slight smile touched Mr. Havisham's thin lips. There rose up before his mind's eye the picture he had left at Court Lodge,—the beautiful, graceful child's body lying upon the tiger-skin in careless comfort—the bright, tumbled hair spread on the rug—the bright, rosy boy's face.

"Rather a handsome boy, I think, my lord, as boys go," he said, "though I am scarcely a judge, perhaps. But you will find him somewhat different from most English children, I dare say."

"I have n't a doubt of that," snarled the Earl, a twinge of gout seizing him. "A lot of impudent little beggars, those American children; I've heard that often enough."

"It is not exactly impudence in his case," said Mr. Havisham. "I can scarcely describe what the difference is. He has lived more with older people than with children, and the difference seems to be a mixture of maturity and childishness."

"American impudence!" protested the Earl. "I've heard of it before. They call it precocity and freedom. Beastly, impudent bad manners; that's what it is!"

Mr. Havisham drank some more port. He seldom argued with his lordly patron,—never when his lordly patron's noble leg was inflamed by gout. At such times it was always better to leave him alone. So there was a silence of a few moments. It was Mr. Havisham who broke it.

"I have a message to deliver from Mrs. Errol," he remarked.

"I don't want any of her messages!" growled his lordship; "the less I hear of her the better."

"This is a rather important one," explained the lawyer. "She prefers not to accept the income you proposed to settle on her."

The Earl started visibly.

"What 's that?" he cried out. "What 's that?"

Mr. Havisham repeated his words.

"She says it is not necessary, and that as the relations between you are not friendly——"

"Not friendly!" ejaculated my lord savagely; "I should say they were not friendly! I hate to think of her! A mercenary, sharp-voiced American! I don't wish to see her!"

"My lord," said Mr. Havisham, "you can

blustered my lord. "She shall have it sent to her. She sha'n't tell people that she has to live like a pauper because I have done nothing for her! She wants to give the boy a bad opinion of me! I suppose she has poisoned his mind against me already!"

"No," said Mr. Havisham. "I have another message, which will prove to you that she has not done that."

"I don't want to hear it!" panted the Earl, out of breath with anger and excitement and gout.



"THE BIG CAT WAS PURRING IN DROWSY CONTENT; SHE LIKED THE CARESSING TOUCH OF THE KIND LITTLE HAND."

scarcely call her mercenary. She has asked for nothing. She does not accept the money you offer her."

"All done for effect!" snapped his noble lordship. "She wants to wheedle me into seeing her. She thinks I shall admire her spirit. I don't admire it! It 's only American independence! I wont have her living like a beggar at my park gates. As she 's the boy's mother, she has a position to keep up, and she shall keep it up. She shall have the money, whether she likes it or not!"

"She wont spend it," said Mr. Havisham.

"I don't care whether she spends it or not!"

But Mr. Havisham delivered it.

"She asks you not to let Lord Fauntleroy hear anything which would lead him to understand that you separate him from her because of your prejudice against her. He is very fond of her, and she is convinced that it would cause a barrier to exist between you. She says he would not comprehend it, and it might make him fear you in some measure, or at least cause him to feel less affection for you. She has told him that he is too young to understand the reason, but shall hear it when he is older. She wishes that there should be no shadow on your first meeting."

The Earl sank back into his chair. His deep-set fierce old eyes gleamed under his beetling brows.

"Come, now!" he said, still breathlessly. "Come, now! You don't mean the mother has n't told him?"

"Not one word, my lord," replied the lawyer coolly. "That I can assure you. The child is prepared to believe you the most amiable and affectionate of grandparents. Nothing—absolutely nothing has been said to him to give him the slightest doubt of your perfection. And as I carried out your commands in every detail, while in New York, he certainly regards you as a wonder of generosity."

(*To be continued.*)

THE GIRL WHO LOST HER POCKET.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

EVERY one knew that Kitty Brimblecom was careless long before she lost her pocket. She lost not only little things such as thimbles and pencils and pocket-knives, but she lost her hat and one of her shoes, the soup-ladle and the pendulum of the clock, her wax doll's head and her brother Jack's tame owl; but all that was nothing compared with losing the baby! He was her own brother, and was only six months old when she lost him. Nurse had him out in the park, in his carriage, and was sitting on a bench gossiping with a crony, when Kitty seized the opportunity to run away, rolling the carriage before her. It went very easily, and she thought she could give the baby a ride just as well as Nurse; but unhappily, when she went into the crowded street a hand-organ with a monkey came along. Kitty was especially interested in monkeys; her brother Jack had said they would stuff their cheeks full of nuts, just like squirrels; she had some nuts in her pocket, and wished to see whether this monkey would make his cheeks stick out with them. And she left the baby in his carriage on the sidewalk, and forgot all about him!

And such a time as there was about it! Kitty's mother fainted, and Nurse had hysterics, and two policemen were employed to find the baby, and Jack said it was just like Kitty, and her father said she could not be trusted at all,—and it was ten o'clock at night before they found him!

And that monkey just cracked the nuts and ate them like anybody else. And Jack said he had never said that monkeys would stuff their cheeks full like squirrels.

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"He does, eh?" said the Earl.

"I give you my word of honor," said Mr. Havisham, "that Lord Fauntleroy's impressions of you will depend entirely upon yourself. And if you will pardon the liberty I take in making the suggestion, I think you will succeed better with him if you take the precaution not to speak slightly of his mother."

"Pooh, pooh!" said the Earl. "The youngster's only seven years old!"

"He has spent those seven years at his mother's side," returned Mr. Havisham; "and she has all his affection."

Kitty resolved that nothing should ever tempt her to be careless again.

And she did improve very much after that. If she had not, her mother would never have allowed her to spend a whole month at Grandma's. Grandma lived in the country, on a farm, and there were good times to be had there, even in winter. The whole family went there to spend Christmas, and Grandma wanted Kitty to be left with her, for a long visit. She said Kitty's cheeks were pale, and she thought a little vacation would do her good, and she wanted her to keep the house bright and lively. And she did n't pay the least attention to Jack when he said that perhaps Kitty might make it too lively, and that she'd better keep him to find the things that Kitty would lose. Grandma did n't think Kitty so troublesome a girl as she was considered at home; she was a very kind grandmother, and found excuses for her grandchild. Perhaps you may have noticed that grandmothers are very often like that.

Kitty jumped for joy when her mother, after some hesitation, said she might stay. Some people might have thought it pleasanter in the city in the winter, but Kitty preferred the country.

She liked to rise early, when there was n't a sign that it was morning, except the persistent crowing of the old red rooster, and go out to the barn with Absalom, the hired man, who went to feed the horses and cattle, and to milk the cows. Very often it was so early that stars were still shining in the sky, and it was so still that it seemed as if nobody were alive in the world. Kitty felt just as if she had risen early to go on a journey,

and there was something very fascinating about it. Kitty liked to feed the cows, which looked at her with friendly eyes, and the frisky little calf, Kitty's namesake and her especial property, always expected to have its head stroked. The old red rooster, that had been trying for the last hour to convince his lazy family that it was time to wake up, came strutting along to take his breakfast from her hands, followed by a flock of sleepy hens clucking their dissatisfaction at so early a rising, but not wanting in appetite. Even the lordly old gobbler, with a very infirm temper that allowed no familiarities, would bend his lofty neck to eat from the dish Kitty held in her hand.

The old gray mare always whinnied for a lump of sugar as soon as Kitty came in sight, and Kitty never failed to have it. It was fascinating, too, to see Absalom milk the cows, and while he was doing it he sang beautiful songs, that would almost bring tears to your eyes, about his "lovely Mary Jane" and "The Lass that Tore her Hair."

When they went back to the house Kitty usually curled up on the lounge in the sitting-room and had a nap until breakfast-time.

But going to the barn in the morning was only a small part of the fun that was to be had at Grandma's. Kitty was sure there were nowhere such hills for coasting as those about Cloverfield; and what were rinks for skating compared with the mill-pond? The snow staid on the ground longer than it did in the city, so there were plenty of sleigh rides; and there were singing-schools, and spelling-schools, and apple-bees, and all sorts of frolics to which Grandma always let her go, because they did not last until late, as such merry-makings did in the city.

At first the girls and boys were a little shy of Kitty, because she came from the city; but they soon became very friendly, and Kitty thought they were as agreeable friends as she had ever known, especially the little girls, who admired her clothes very much, and coaxed their mothers to bang their hair, because Kitty wore hers banged.

Mary Jane Lawton lived in the next house to Grandma's, and she was just Kitty's age; and Kitty liked her very much, though some of the girls told her in confidence that Mary Jane was haughty and proud.

Rosy and Roxy Dayton were Kitty's particular friends, and she could tell them apart, even without their necklaces on, although she had known them only a little while; and she was quite proud of her ability to distinguish them, for they were twins, and looked so much alike that their own relatives could scarcely have told them apart, if one had not worn a red necklace and one a blue.

Martha Stebbins, the minister's little girl, was

also a friend of Kitty's, but she could not come out to play very often, because she had so many little brothers and sisters, and was always having to rock one of them to sleep.

But it happened one Saturday afternoon, when there was very fine coasting on Redtop Hill, that Kitty and all her friends could go. Martha Stebbins's little brothers and sisters were so considerate as to go to sleep without being rocked; Rosy and Roxy, who had to help in the Saturday baking, by peeling apples and seeding raisins and chopping meat, had finished their work; Mary Jane Lawton had recovered from her cold; and Grandma said Kitty could go and stay all the afternoon, if she would only go around by Mr. Spring the watch-maker's, on her way home, and ask him to fasten one of the glasses which had dropped out of Grandma's spectacles. It would take Mr. Spring only a very few minutes, and she could wait for them, and she was not on any account to forget, because Grandma could not see to read the hymns in church the next day without her "glasses."

The party set out in very high spirits, each with a fine, gayly painted sled. When they were about half-way to Redtop Hill, a girl came out of a house and stood in the road, evidently waiting for them to come up. She had very red hair and a freckled face, and her nose turned up. She wore a calico dress, an old red and green shawl, and a yellow pumpkin hood; and she had a very queer-looking sled, which was evidently of home manufacture. It was unpainted, and its runners had apparently been taken from a larger sled, and they extended beyond it in a very funny way.

"If there is n't Sally Pringle!" exclaimed Mary Jane Lawton. "I wonder if she thinks she is going with us! Old Mrs. Meacham took her out of the poor-house, and she does all sorts of work."

"I'm sorry for her; they say old Mrs. Meacham is so cross to her!" said Roxy Dayton.

"Oh, so cross!" said Rosy Dayton.

"But she can't expect to 'sociate with us!" said Mary Jane Lawton, with a toss of her head.

"Goin' to Redtop Hill?" asked Sally Pringle, as soon as they reached her. "So 'm I! All my work's done up, and Mis' Meacham says I can stay all the afternoon. I guess I'll go with you, 'cause I don't know many."

"You have n't been invited," said Mary Jane, with another toss of her head; and she crossed the road away from Sally Pringle, beckoning and drawing the others, who, I am sorry to say, all followed her.

"I guess I'm as good as you!" cried Sallie Pringle, her little freckled face growing almost as red as her hair. "And, anyhow, this sled that

Dave made for me 'll go better 'n any of yours; so there!"

"We would n't have such a funny-looking old sled!" said Martha Stebbins.

"Oh, my! What red hair!" said Roxy Dayton.

"Yes, and freckles!" said Rosy.

"I'm not just alike, anyhow! Folks can tell me apart!" cried Sally Pringle, almost choking with wrath.

The twins were silenced by this cutting retort.

Kitty said to Mary Jane, in a low tone:

"She's all alone; it would n't do us any harm to let her come with us."

you speakin' to that Lawton girl; she would n't 'a' said I could come if it had n't been for you. You 're not a bit stuck-up, if you do live in the city, are you? You 're as pretty as paint, and your clothes are handsome, though it 's a pity your mother did n't have cloth enough to make your dress a little mite longer, and if you had a round comb 't would keep your hair out of your eyes. I think those girls are mean and proud, don't you?"

"They did n't intend to hurt your feelings; they did n't think," said Kitty.

"I don't care if my hair is red, and if the boys do call 'house a-fire' after me! Dave is goin'



COASTING DOWN REDTOP HILL.

"I never supposed *you'd* want her," said Mary Jane to Kitty. "You can come with us if you like!" she said, in a very ungracious tone, to Sally Pringle, without casting a glance in her direction.

Sally was walking sturdily along, on the other side of the road, pulling her sled after her with an occasional jerk which showed a disturbed state of mind, and she gave no heed to Mary Jane's permission.

Kitty suddenly caught sight of two tears dropping from the tip of the little turned-up nose, and her heart was moved.

She went across the road to Sally's side.

"I think you are a good girl. I want you to go with me!" she said, taking Sally's arm in hers.

"Do you now, honest?" said Sally, lifting a pair of brimming eyes to Kitty's face. "I heard

to fight 'em. Don't you know Dave? His name is n't Meacham, no more 'n mine, but folks call him so; he's a boy that Mis' Meacham took, just as she took me. He was town's poor, too, but he's smart, Dave is. If you 'll never tell as long as you live, I 'll tell you a secret. Dave is going to be President, one of these days, and we 're going to live in the White House, and I 'll ask you to come and see us, but I wont ask any of those girls—would you?—'cause they said I was town's poor and my hair was red. I don't care if my hair is red,—but I would n't be twins, anyhow, would you?"

"I think your hair is a pretty color; I saw some just like it in a beautiful picture, once," said Kitty, lifting admiringly the heavy, waving, red locks, that were really beautiful.

"Did you, now, honest?" said Sally, her eyes shining with delight. "I'll take you on my sled. The girls make fun of it now, but you'd better b'lieve they won't pretty soon! Dave made it, and it will go! you'll see! Dave don't think much of girls' sleds, anyhow, even if they are all painted up!"

By this time they had reached Redtop Hill, which presented a very gay appearance, being thronged with boys and girls, some going up and some down, and all changing places like the bits of glass in a kaleidoscope.

Kitty and Sally were still walking together on one side of the road, while Kitty's friends walked on the other, but they came together when they reached the top of the hill, and the girls were all

a sled there that could beat it. A great cheering arose as Sally distanced all those who started with her, and she came up the hill radiant with delight.

"You shall take it just as many times as you want to, 'cause you've been real good to me!" she said to Kitty.

But Kitty preferred to go down with her rather than to take the sled by herself, so she sat in front, and Sally sat behind and steered, and they went down like the wind, and Kitty said it was the best coast that she ever had in her life. She and Sally formed a queer contrast in looks, and they heard remarks made about it, and occasionally a laugh would be raised at Sally's looks, and once a small urchin called out "house a-fire!"



KITTY RECEIVES TWO WELCOME VISITORS. (SEE PAGE 262.)

very polite and conciliatory in their manner to Sally, who, however, received their attentions with considerable dignity and reserve.

She perched upon her sled, boy-fashion, shouted in a commanding tone to everybody to get out of the way, and away she went down the hill. The sled that Dave had made could go! There was scarcely

"If it was n't for you, I'd chase him," said Sally to Kitty; "but there'd be a great laughing and shouting, and may be you'd be ashamed. I don't care how much they laugh at me so long as you're not ashamed to go with me."

Kitty assured her that she was not; and, after that, Sally was undisturbed.

She offered her sled to all Kitty's friends, even to Mary Jane Lawton and the twins, who had said her hair was red, and they were very glad to accept it, in spite of its looks. What with her

and I heard her say the other day that she did n't know what she should do if anything should happen to them, because they just suited her eyes, and my purse with my three-dollar gold piece, and



SALLY PRINGLE MAKES A DISCOVERY. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

sled and Kitty's friendship, Sally was quite the belle of the occasion, and no one there was happier. There was only one thing that was sad about that afternoon to Kitty and Sally: it would come to an end! The darkness seemed to come down sooner than it ever did before, and they had to go home.

Mary Jane, and Roxy and Rosy Dayton, and Sally went with Kitty to Mr. Spring the watch-maker's.

With one hand on the latch of Mr. Spring's door, Kitty put her other hand into her pocket to get Grandma's spectacles. O, dear, no! not into her pocket, but into the place where her pocket should have been!

The pocket was gone!

"Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do? I've lost my pocket!" cried Kitty. "I remember now that it was half-ripped out when I put the dress on this morning, and I put two pins in it, and meant to sew it in before I came out, and then I forgot it, and, oh, dear! Grandma's spectacles were in it,

all the money I had besides, and my diary, with—oh, a *great* many things written in it that I did n't want anybody to see, and the baby's photograph, and my lucky-bone that Jack told me never to lose, and—oh dear! if I only had Grandma's glasses I would n't mind about the rest! That is—not m-m-much!"

And poor Kitty found it impossible to restrain her tears.

"It is of no use to go back and look for it, of course," said Mary Jane. "It's too dark to find it, and probably somebody picked it up."

"No, it is n't of any use," said Kitty, looking regretfully back into the darkness, in the direction of Redtop Hill. "I shall never see it again! And Grandma can't read a word!"

Mary Jane, and Roxy and Rosy Dayton tried to comfort Kitty, as they walked homeward, but Sally Pringle said never a word. She ran on ahead of them, and went into her house without stopping to say good-night.

"She did n't even say she was sorry you had lost your pocket, after you were so kind to her," said Mary Jane.

Kitty did feel rather hurt at Sally's want of sympathy, but, after all, it did not matter whether anybody was sorry for her or not; sorrow would not help the matter. It was almost as bad as losing the baby! Kitty did not know but that it was fully as bad, for he was sure to be found, and the pocket was almost sure not to be found. Besides, she was younger when she lost the baby, and there was more excuse for her carelessness.

And she had wished to behave particularly well at Grandma's, because Jack had prophesied that she would n't, and because she wanted to come again soon. And Grandma, who was very neat and particular, would think it was a dreadful thing to pin in a pocket! And how mortified her mother would be when she heard of it!

Grandma had company to tea and forgot to ask about her spectacles. That was a great relief to Kitty at first, but after a while she began to think it would have been better if she had told of her loss at first. She could scarcely eat a mouthful, for dreading it, and she jumped every time any one spoke to her, and Grandma asked her if she did n't feel well.

At one moment, she wished Grandma's company would go, that she might tell her about it, and the next moment she wished they would stay forever, so that she need never tell.

She did hope all the time that Grandma would not speak of her spectacles until her guests had gone, for she would have to tell what had become of them, and they all would say, "Who ever heard of a girl so careless as to lose her pocket?"

As soon as supper was over she tried to go out in the kitchen to find Absalom; she thought it would be a comfort to tell him all about it; but Grandma's visitors would keep talking to her, and Grandma praised her to them, and said she "was feet and hands to her, and eyes, too, sometimes"; and then Kitty trembled lest that should make her think of her spectacles. But it did n't; and very soon after that, the visitors took their leave. Kitty tried to summon her courage to tell Grandma

then, but she went out of the room, and Kitty went to find Absalom. Just as she stepped into the kitchen there came a loud knock at the back door. Absalom opened the door, and in stepped Sally Pringle, followed by a boy, with clothes too small for him, and feet and hands too large.

Sally held up, triumphantly, Kitty's lost pocket.

"I went right after Dave, for I knew he could find it," said Sally, "and we went right up to Red-top Hill, and we took a lantern, and we hunted and hunted; at last we saw one end of it sticking out of a snow-bank. I'm real glad we found it, 'cause you were good to me. I don't know as anybody like you was ever so good to me before, and it seemed as if I could n't stand it to see you cry. We must go right home, now, 'cause Mis' Meacham will be very cross; but I don't care so long as we found your pocket!"

And then Kitty threw her arms around Sally Pringle's neck, and kissed both her freckled cheeks.

"I don't care what Mis' Meacham does, now!" cried Sally as she ran off.

Kitty told Grandma all about it; she did n't mind owning how careless she had been, now that the pocket was found with everything safe in it, even to the lucky-bone that Jack had given her, and she wanted Grandma to know what a nice girl Sally Pringle was. And Grandma was very much interested, and said she was going to make Sally's acquaintance. And the upshot of it was that Grandma liked Sally so much that she made a bargain with old Mrs. Meacham to let Sally come and live with her and be "hands and feet and sometimes eyes" for her, after Kitty had gone home.

And Sally improved so much under the kindly influences at Grandma's, and was so faithful and sweet-tempered and unselfish, that she soon became like a daughter of the house.

And Grandma, who never did anything by halves, discovered that Dave was an uncommonly bright boy and sent him away to school.

Kitty finds it better fun than ever to go to Grandma's now, because Sally is there.

But though so much good came of it, Kitty never pinned her pocket in again.



VESUVIUS AND THE BAY OF NAPLES.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

V.

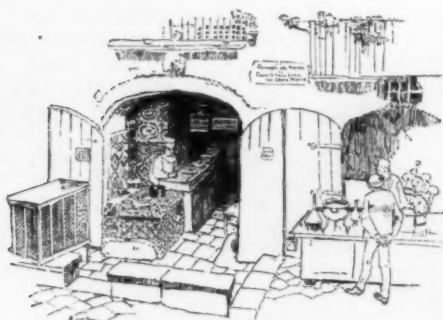
AROUND THE BAY OF NAPLES.

EVERY one of us who has ever read anything at all about Italy will remember that the Bay of Naples is considered one of the loveliest pieces of water in the world. It is not its beauty only which attracts us; it is surrounded by interesting and most curious places; and some of these we shall now visit.

Although Naples is the most populous city of Italy, it will not take us very long to see it as it is, and that is all there is to see. Her people have always lived for the present; they have never occupied themselves with great works of art or architecture for future ages; and the consequence is that, unlike the other cities of Italy, it offers us few interesting mementos of the past. Some of you may like this, and may be much better satisfied to see how the Neapolitan enjoys himself to-day than to know how he used to do it a thousand years

ago. If that is the case, all you have to do is to open your eyes and look about you. Naples is one of the noisiest, liveliest cities in the world. The people are very fond of the open air, and they are in the streets all day, and nearly all night. The shoemaker brings his bench out on the sidewalk and sits there merrily mending his shoes. Women come out in front of their houses and sew, take care of their babies, and often make their bread and cook their dinners in the open street. In the streets all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children work, play, buy, sell, walk, talk, sing, or cry; here the carriages are driven furiously up and down, the drivers cracking their whips and shouting; here move about the little donkeys with piles of vegetables or freshly cut grass upon their backs, so that nothing but their heads and feet are seen; and here are to be found noise enough and dirt enough to make some people very soon satisfied with their walks through the streets of Naples.

The greatest attraction of Naples is its famous museum, which contains more valuable sculptures



SMALL SHOPS IN NAPLES.

and works of art, and more rare and curious things than we could look at in a week. There is nothing in it, however, which will interest us so much as the bronze figures, the wall paintings, the ornaments, domestic utensils, and other objects, which have been taken out of the ruins of the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. The collection of these things is immense, for nearly everything that has been dug from the ruins since the excavations began has been brought to this museum. Some of the bronze statues are wonderfully beautiful and life-like; and such figures as the "Narcissus" from Pompeii or the "Reposing Mercury" from Herculaneum have seldom been surpassed by sculptors of any age. There are many rooms filled with things that give us a good idea of how the Pompeians used to live. Here are pots, kettles, pans, knives, saws, hammers, and nearly every kind of domestic utensil, and all sorts of tools. There is even a very complete set of instruments used by a dentist. In one of the cases is a bronze bell with its cord hanging outside, by which, if we choose, we may produce the same tinkle which used to summon some Pompeian servant to her mistress. Little furnaces, bath-tubs, money-chests, and hundreds and hundreds of other articles, some of which look as if quite good enough for us to use, meet our eyes at every turn. In another room there are many cases containing articles of food which have been taken from the houses of Pompeii. The loaves of bread, the beans, the wheat, and many other articles,

are much shrunken and discolored, but the eggs look just as white and natural as when they were boiled, eighteen centuries ago.

The sight of all these things makes us anxious to see the city that was so long buried out of sight of the world, and only brought to light again about a hundred years ago. A short ride by railway takes us from Naples to Pompeii, and, after being furnished with guides, we set out to explore this silent little city, whose citizens have not walked its streets since the year 79 A. D.

This unfortunate place, which, as you all know, was entirely overwhelmed and covered up by a terrible shower of ashes during an eruption of Vesuvius, at the base of which it lies, is now in great part uncovered and open to view. The excavations which have been made at different times since 1748 have laid bare a great many of the streets, houses, temples, and public buildings. All the roofs, however, with the exception of that belonging to one small edifice, are gone, having been burned or crushed in

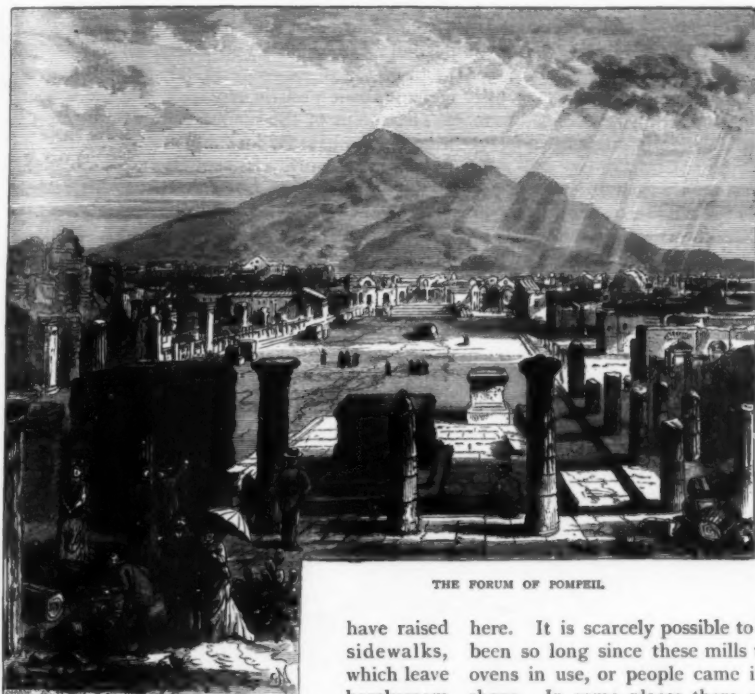


A STREET IN NAPLES.

by the hot ashes. We shall find, however, the lower parts and the courts of nearly all the houses still standing, and many of them in good condition. The first thing which excites our surprise is the extreme narrowness of the streets. They all are well paved with large stones, and many of them

donkeys. Along street after street we go, and into house after house. We enter large baths with great marble tanks and arrangements for steam heating. We visit temples, one of which, the temple of Isis, bears an inscription stating that, having been greatly injured by an earthquake

in the year 63, it was restored at the sole expense of a boy six years old, named N. Popidius Celsinus. There are two theaters and a great amphitheater, or outdoor circus, besides an extensive Forum, or place for public meetings. The more we walk through these quiet and deserted streets, and into these desolate houses, the shorter seem to us the eighteen centuries that have passed since any one lived



THE FORUM OF POMPEII

have raised sidewalks, which leave barely room enough between

for two chariots or narrow wagons to pass each other. Here and there are high stepping-stones, by which the Pompeians crossed the streets in rainy weather, when there must have been a great deal of running water in these narrow roadways. Everywhere we see the ruts which the wheels have worn in the hard stones.

There are remains of a great many private houses; and some of these which belonged to rich people have their walls handsomely ornamented with paintings, some of them quite bright and distinct, considering the long time that has elapsed since they were made. There are also a great many shops, all of them very small, and in some of these still remain the marble counters with the jars that held the wines and other things which were there for sale. In a bakery there remain some ovens, and large stone mills worked by hand-power or by

here. It is scarcely possible to believe that it has been so long since these mills were turned, these ovens in use, or people came in and out of these shops. In some places there are inscriptions on the walls calling on the citizens to vote for such and such a person for a public office.

A building has been erected as a museum, and in this are preserved plaster casts of some of the people who perished in the eruption. These people were covered up by the fine ashes just where they fell, and in the positions in which they died. These ashes hardened, and although the bodies, with the exception of a few bones, entirely disappeared in the course of ages, the hollow places left in the ashes were exactly the shape of the forms and features of the persons who had been there. An ingenious Italian conceived the idea of boring into these hollow molds and filling them up with liquid plaster of Paris. When this became dry and hard, the ashes were removed, and there were the plaster images of the persons who had been overtaken and destroyed before they could escape from that terrible storm of hot ashes.

which came down in quantities sufficient to cover a whole city from sight. In some of these figures the features are very distinct, and we can even distinguish the texture of their clothes and the rings upon their fingers. There are eight of these figures—men, women, and girls, besides the cast of a large dog. To stand and look upon the exact representation of these poor creatures who perished here seems still more to shorten the time between the present and the days when Pompeii was a lively, bustling city. Could this poor man with the leather belt around his waist, or this young girl with so peaceful an expression, have fallen down and died in these positions just forty-six years after the death of Christ?

We may walk until we are tired and we can not in one visit properly see all that is interesting in the excavated portions of Pompeii, and there is so much of the little city yet covered up, that, if the work of excavation goes on at the present rate, it will be about seventy years before the whole of Pompeii is laid open to the light. Men are kept steadily at work clearing out the ruins, and it may be that we are fortunate enough to be the first visitors to see some little room with painted

It is the most natural thing in the world, after we have explored this ruined city, to desire to visit the volcano which ruined it. There it stands, the same old Vesuvius, just as able to cover up towns and villages with rivers of lava and clouds of ashes as it ever was. Fortunately it does not often choose to do so, and it is on the good-natured laziness of their mountain that the people who live in the plains all about it, and even on its sides, depend for their lives and safety. There are few parts of the world more thickly settled than the country about Vesuvius.

The ascent of the mountain can be best made from Naples because we can go nearly all the way by railroad. Vesuvius is not always the same height, as the great cone of ashes that forms its summit varies somewhat before and after eruptions. It is generally about four thousand feet high, although a great eruption in 1872 is said to have knocked off a great deal of its top. At present it is steadily increasing, because, although there have been no great eruptions lately, the crater is constantly working, and throwing out stones and ashes. Still there is no danger if we are careful, and we shall go up and see what the crater of a real live vol-



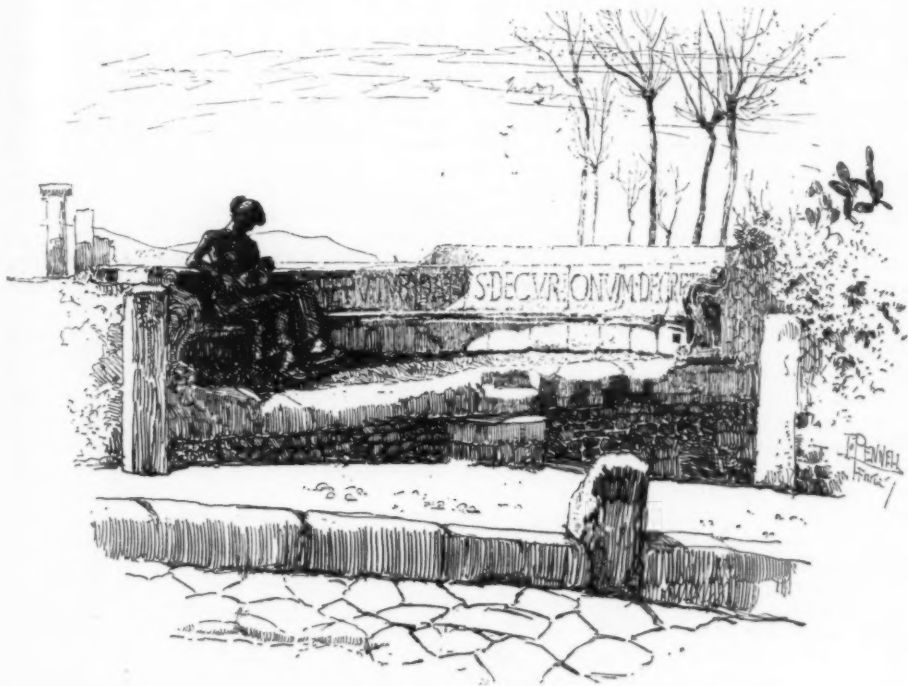
BOYS AT WORK IN THE EXCAVATIONS OF POMPEII.

walls, or some jar, or piece of sculpture from which the ashes and earth have just been removed, and which the eye of man has not seen since the first century of the Christian era.

cano looks like. The last part of our trip is made on what is called a funicular railway, which runs nearly to the top of the great central cone, fifteen hundred feet high, on which the cars are drawn

up by wire ropes. This railway, however, does not take us quite all the way, and there are some hundred feet of loose ashes up which we must walk before we reach the top. The way

from below, is enough to make some people nervous; but unless we go too near the edge, or expose ourselves to the fumes of the sulphurous gas which arises from the depths below, there is



A SPRING AFTERNOON IN POMPEII.

is very steep, we sometimes sink into the ashes nearly up to our knees, and altogether it is a piece of very tough work. But if any of us feel unequal to it, we can be taken up in chairs, each borne by two stout porters. We can not be sure what we are going to see when we are at the summit; smoke and vapor are constantly arising from the crater, and sometimes the wind blows this toward us, and makes it impossible to see into the great abyss; but at other times we may approach quite near, and see the smoke and steam rising from below, while stones and masses of lava are thrown into the air, and fall back into the crater. The ground in some places is so hot that eggs may be roasted by simply allowing them to lie upon it. If we are not careful, some of us will have the soles of our shoes badly burned by walking over these hot places. The sight of this great crater always burning, and smoking, and seething, and sometimes throwing the light of great fires up

no particular danger on the top of Vesuvius. If the weather is fine, we get a grand view of the bay and the country around about; and even if we have been frightened or tired, or have to get a pair of new shoes when we go down the mountain, the fact that we have looked into the crater of an active volcano is something that we shall always remember with satisfaction.

As long as we are anywhere on the Bay of Naples we need never expect to be rid of Vesuvius; and, indeed, we need not wish to, for by day and night it is one of the finest features of the landscape. The people in Naples and all the surrounding country justly consider it the greatest attraction to travelers. Every hotel-keeper, no matter how little his house is, or where it is situated, has a picture made of it with Vesuvius smoking away in the background. The poor mountain is thus moved about from place to place, without any regard to its own convenience, in order that tourists may

know that, if they come to any one of these hotels, they may always have a good view of a grand volcano.

One of our excursions will be a drive along the eastern shore of the bay to the little town of Sorrento, and we shall find the road over which we go one of the most beautiful, if not the most beautiful, that we have ever seen in our lives. On one side are the mountains and hills covered with orange and lemon groves, olive and pomegranate trees, and vineyards; and on the other, the beautiful blue waters of the bay, with its distant islands raising their misty purple outlines against the cloudless sky. Sorrento, the home of wood-carving, as many of you may know, was a favorite summer resort of the ancients, and the old Romans used to come here for sea-bathing. Near by are the rocks on which, according to ancient tradition, the sirens used to sit and sing for the sole purpose, so far as we have been able to discover, of exciting the attention of the sailors on passing ships, and attracting them to the rocks where they might be wrecked. We can get boats and row beneath these very rocks, but never a siren shall we see, although there are great caves into which the water flows and into the gloomy and solemn depths of which we can row for quite a long distance, and imagine, if we please, that the sirens are hiding behind the rocks in the dark corners, but knowing very well that, as we have heard about their tricks and their manners, it will be of no use for them to sing their songs to us. Even now the people of Sorrento have fancies of this sort, and many believe that the ravines near the town are inhabited by dwarfs. There are a great many interesting and pleasant things about Sorrento; but, after all, the object which we shall look at the most and find the most enjoyable is our friend Vesuvius. The great volcano is many miles from us now, but as long as we are in this bay we can not avoid it. All day it sends up its beautiful curling column of steam, which rises high into the air and spreads out like a great white tree against the sky, while at night this high canopy of vapors is lighted at intervals to a rosy brightness by flashes of fire from the crater below. And from this point of view the volcano shows us at night another grand sight. Some distance below the summit four streams of lava have broken out, and, after running some distance down the mountain-side, flow again into the ground and disappear. At night we can see that these lava streams are red-hot, and, viewed from afar, they look like four great rivers of fire. For months these have been steadily flowing, and after a time they will disappear, and the mountain will set itself to work to devise some other kind of fireworks with which to light up the nightly scene.

From Sorrento we shall take a little steamer to the island of Capri, in the most southern part of the bay. The town has no wharves at which a steamboat can lie, and so we take small boats and row out to wait for the steamboat which comes from Naples and stops here. The poet Tasso was born in Sorrento, and as we row along the river front of the town, the greater part of which is perched upon rocks high above the water, we shall float directly over his house, or rather the foundations of it, which we can see a few feet below us through the clear, transparent water. Once the town extended much farther into the bay than it does now; year by year the water encroached upon the land, and now there are but few places at the foot of the cliffs where there is room for houses. While we are waiting here, several boats filled with Italian boys, some of them very little fellows, row out to us and sing songs and choruses for our benefit, hoping for coppers in return. The little fellows sing with great vivacity, keeping admirable time and clapping their hands and wagging their heads, as if they were fired with the spirit of their songs. They are not at all like sirens, but they will charm some money from us; and when we seem to have had enough music, they will offer to dive into the water after copper coins, each wrapped in a piece of white paper so that they can see it as it sinks. While engaged in this sport, the steamboat comes up, the steps are let down, we climb on board, and are off for Capri.

This island has long been noted for two things,—its Blue Grotto and its pretty girls. We shall have to take some trouble to see the first, but the latter will spare themselves no trouble to see us, as we shall presently find. It is not often that any one examines an island so thoroughly as to go under it, over it, and around it, but this we shall do at Capri, and we shall begin by going under it.

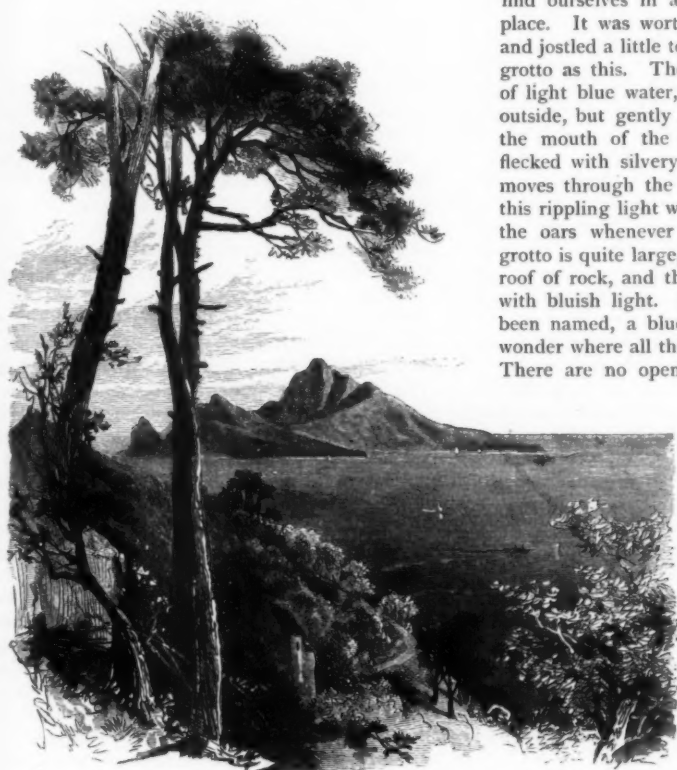
It is only when the weather is fine and the sea is smooth that the celebrated Blue Grotto can be visited, and as everybody who goes to the island desires to see this freak of Nature, the steamboat, when the weather is favorable, proceeds directly to the grotto. We steam for a mile or two along the edge of the island, which appears like a great mountain-top rising out of the water, and come to a stop near a rocky precipice. At the foot of this we see a little hole, about a yard high, and somewhat wider. Near by lie a number of small boats, each rowed by one man, and as soon as our steamboat nears the place, these boats are pulled toward us with all the power of their oarsmen, jostling and banging against each other, while the men shout and scold as each endeavors to be the first to reach the steamboat. In these boats we are to enter the grotto, three of us in each, that being

the greatest number they are allowed to carry. When we go down the side and step into the boats, we are told that we must all lie down flat in the bottom, for, if our heads or shoulders are above the sides of the boat, they may get an awkward knock in going through the hole in the rock, which is the only entrance to the grotto. As one boat after another pushes off from the steamer, the girls will probably nestle down very closely, but I think most of the boys will keep their faces turned upwards, and at least one eye open to see

banging it against the others. Some of us are frightened, and wish we were safe again on the steamboat, but there is no danger; these boatmen are very skillful, and if one of them were to allow his boat to upset, he would lose his reputation forever. Again the boat is pulled forward, this time with an in-going wave, and, as it reaches the entrance, the man jerks in his oars, seizes the roof and sides of the aperture with his hands, and with much dexterity and strength shoots his boat into the grotto. One after another, each boat enters, and as we all sit up and look about us, we find ourselves in a strange and wonderful place. It was worth while to be frightened and jostled a little to be in such a grand sea-grotto as this. The floor is a wide expanse of light blue water, not rough like the bay outside, but gently agitated by the waves at the mouth of the cave, and every ripple flecked with silvery light. Each boat, as it moves through the water, has an edging of this rippling light which drips and falls from the oars whenever they are raised. The grotto is quite large, and over all is a domed roof of rock, and this twinkles and sparkles with bluish light. It is indeed, what it has been named, a blue grotto. We naturally wonder where all this blue light comes from. There are no openings in the roof above,

and as we look over toward the dark little hole by which we came in, we see that little light can enter there. The fact is that the opening into the cave under the water is much larger than it is above, and the bright sunlight that goes down into the water on the outside comes up through it into the grotto. It goes down like the golden sunlight it is, and it comes

up into the grotto more like moonlight, but blue, sparkling, and brilliant. Everything about us seems weird and strange. One of the men, without a coat, stands up in his boat, and the blue light playing on the under part of his white shirt-sleeves curiously illuminates him. At the far end of the grotto is a little ledge, the only place where it is possible to land, and on this stands a man in thin cotton clothes who offers for a small sum of money to



THE ISLAND OF CAPRI.

what is going to happen. The water of the bay seemed quite smooth when we were on the steamboat, but there is some wind, and we now find that the waves are running tolerably high against the rocky precipice before us, and dashing in and out of the hole which we are to enter. As we approach this opening the first boat is pulled rapidly toward it, but a wave which has just gone in now comes rolling out, driving the boat back, and

dive into the water. In a few moments down he goes, and we see him, a great silvery mass, sink far below us. Soon he comes up again, ready to repeat the performance as often as he is paid for it.

The most beautiful description of the Blue Grotto is to be found in "The Improvisatore," a story by Hans Christian Andersen, in which his rare imagination has thrown into this grotto and over its walls and waters, a fairy-like light that is more beautiful perhaps than the blue light that comes up from the sea. There are persons who have read his account, and the beautiful story of the blind girl and her lover, who have afterward been disappointed when they saw the grotto for themselves; but it is said that if such persons should come a second time the beauty of the place would grow upon them, and they would see the fairy-like scene that they have read about. I never visited the grotto the second time.

After a while, our boats go out rather more easily than they came in, and we are soon on the steam-boat, and off for the Marina Grande, or principal landing-place of the island of Capri. There is no wharf, and we are taken off in small boats. The town of Capri is not here; it is high up on the steep hills above us; but there are some houses and one or two hotels scattered about near the water, and very soon the pretty girls come down to meet us, and right glad they are to see us. Some of them are as young as fourteen, and some are as old as twenty; many of them are really quite handsome, with regular features, large, dark eyes, and that clear, lightly-browned complexion which some people think more beautiful than white. They are plainly, but some of them prettily, dressed, and all have bare heads and bare feet. Nearly all of them have strings of coral, which they are not slow to urge us to buy, and we find that it is because they hope to make a little money by selling these, that these pretty girls are so glad to see us. Others are leading little donkeys on which we may ride to the town above. But we shall notice that not one of them is begging. The people of this island are very industrious, and very independent.

Capri was named by the Romans *Capreae*, the island of goats, but I do not know whether this name was given because there were a good many goats here, or because it was a good place for goats. The latter would have been an excellent reason, for the island is all "up hill and down dale." Until very recently there were no roads upon the island for carriages or wheeled vehicles, and if people did not walk up and down the steep paths which led everywhere, they rode upon donkeys or horses; but lately roads have been constructed which wind

backward and forward along the hill-sides and precipices to the two small towns upon the island, Capri and Anacapri. Some of us will take pony carriages up the road to Capri; others will walk; and others will ride donkeys, each attended by a woman or a girl, who steers the little beast by the tail, or encourages it with a switch. The island is about half a mile high, and after we reach the little town and have had our dinner we prepare to scatter ourselves over its surface.

We shall find this island one of the finest places for walks, rambles, and scrambles that we have yet seen. After we reach the town, there is no more carriage road, and the principal thoroughfares which lead through the little fields and gardens, and by occasional scattered houses, are about five feet wide, and paved with small round cobblestones. These are not very pleasant to walk on, but we shall soon discover that if these roads were smooth, we should not be able to go up and down them at all. We shall see here very funny little fields of grain, beans, and other crops. Some of the wheat-fields are not much bigger than the floor of a large room in one of our dwelling-houses. The people are poor, and they cultivate every spot of land on which anything useful will grow. A half-hour's walk above the town will take us to some high points from which we get beautiful views of the Mediterranean to the south, and the Bay of Naples to the north, while away to the west we can see the island of Ischia, looking so peaceful under the soft blue sky that no one could imagine that only two years ago it had been visited by a terrible earthquake, in which hundreds of people perished. From one of the high places to which we can walk, we look down the precipitous rocks to the sea, far below us; and out in the water, entirely disconnected with the land, we see three great pointed masses of rock, some little distance from the shore. On the very top of one of these is a small house or tower built there by the ancient Romans. What it was intended for, on this almost inaccessible place, is not exactly known, but it is believed that it was built for a tomb. I suppose some of you think that it is a great deal harder to rid ourselves of the Romans than of Vesuvius, but it can not be helped; we shall find that they have been wherever we wish to go. On the land side of this promontory, we look down into a rocky valley called the Vale of Matrimony, near the bottom of which is a great natural arch, or bridge of rock. The name of this vale is a corruption of a name the Romans gave it, and it does not look as if it had anything to do with matrimony. Another of our walks will take us to a very high point, on which are some ruins of the Villa of Tiberius, the Roman Emperor. This

gentleman, having involved himself in a great deal of trouble at home, concluded to retire to this rocky island, where he would be safe from his enemies, and here he lived until his death in the year 37 A. D. Capri must have been a very different place then as far as the manners and customs of its inhabitants are concerned. The Emperor built no less than twelve handsome villas in various parts of the island, and made all necessary arrangements to enjoy himself as much as possible. The villa which we are visiting was one of the largest, and the remains of vaulted chambers and corridors show that it must have been a very fine building. A short distance below it, is the top of a precipice, from which, tradition says, Tiberius used to have those persons whom he had condemned to death thrown down into the sea. This was not an unusual method of execution with the Romans, and if Tiberius really adopted it in this place, his victims must have met with a certain and speedy death.

If any of us really desire to see a hermit, we can now be gratified, for one of that profession has his dwelling here. He probably does live here all alone, but he does not look like our ordinary ideal of a hermit. He will be glad to receive some coppers, and also to have us write our autographs in a book which he keeps for the purpose. A hermit autograph-collector in the ruined villa of a Roman Emperor, on the top of a mountainous island in the Mediterranean, is something we did not expect to meet with on our travels.

Wherever we go in our walks about the island we shall meet with the pretty girls. They are always at work, but, unfortunately, they are sometimes engaged in much harder labor than that of selling coral or leading donkeys. Often we may see lines of girls, who, if nicely dressed, and with shoes and stockings on, would do credit in appearance to any boarding-school, each carrying on her head a wooden tray containing stones or mortar for masons who are building a house or wall; and at any time they may be seen going up and down the steep paths of the island carrying heavy loads upon their heads. As I said before, the people here are generally poor, and everybody who can, old and young, must work. Why there are so few boys in comparison with the girls, I do not know. It may be that the boys go away to other parts of the world where they can find work that will pay them better than anything on their native island.

I said, when we first came here, that we should go under, over, and around this island; and when we have rambled through the valleys and over

the hills, and have paid a visit to Anacapri, the other little town, we may say that we have been over it; when we visited the Blue Grotto, we went under it; and now we shall go around it, by taking boats and making what is called the *giri*, or circuit of the island. This trip will require several hours, and we shall see that the island of Capri is rather rich in grottoes, and that the monotony of such water caverns is varied by having them of different colors. One of them is the White Grotto, which would doubtless be considered very pretty, if it were the only one here. But afterward we shall see the Green Grotto, which is very beautiful indeed, in which the water and the rocks are of a fine green hue. When we reach the three high rocks, which we saw from above, we shall see that the central one is pierced by an arched opening, through which the boatman will row our boats.

And now, having spent as much time on this charming island as we think we can spare, we pack up the valises and other light baggage which we brought with us, and make everything ready to leave the next morning. But when the next morning comes we do not leave. The island of Capri is not a place to which you can come when you choose and from which you can depart when you feel like it. The day is fine, the sun is bright, and the sky is blue; but there is a strong wind blowing, and the bay is full of waves. They are not very high waves, to be sure, but anything which has the slightest resemblance to rough weather is sufficient to make the captains of the small steamers which ply between Naples and Capri decide to suspend operations until the bay is smooth again. If people are disappointed and have to stay where they do not wish to stay, they must blame the winds, and not the captains, who, if told that an American or English sailor would think nothing of the little gales that are sufficient to keep them at their anchorage, would probably shrug their shoulders and say that they were not American or English sailors, and were very glad of it.

Sometimes visitors are kept at Capri a week waiting for a steamer. It is possible to go over to Sorrento in a fishing boat, but the roughest part of the bay lies between us and the home of the wood-carvers, and it is not over such water and in little boats that I propose to personally conduct my young friends. So we may congratulate ourselves that if we have to be imprisoned for a time on an island, there is no pleasanter one for the purpose than Capri, and shall therefore contentedly wait to see what happens next.



FATHER HUBBARD.

NEW BITS OF TALK FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

BY H. H. (HELEN JACKSON.)



GOING! GOING! GONE!

THE other day, as I was walking through a side street in one of our large cities, I heard these words ringing out from a room so crowded with people that I could but just see the auctioneer's face and uplifted

hammer above the heads of the crowd.

"Going! Going! Go—ing! Gone!" and down came the hammer with a sharp rap.

I do not know how or why it was, but the words struck me with a new force and significance. I had heard them hundreds of times before, with only a sense of amusement. This time they sounded solemn.

"Going! Going! Gone!"

"That is the way it is with life," I said to myself;—"with time."

This world is a sort of auction-room; we do not know that we are buyers; we are, in fact, more like beggars; we have brought no money to exchange for precious minutes, hours, days, or years; they are given to us. There is no calling out of terms, no noisy auctioneer, no hammer; but, nevertheless, the time is "going! going! gone!"

The more I thought of it, the more solemn did the words sound, and the more did they seem to me a good motto to remind one of the value of time.

When we are young we think old people are preaching and prosing when they say so much about it,—when they declare so often that days, weeks, even years, are short. I can remember when a holiday, a whole day long, appeared to me an almost inexhaustible play-spell; when one afternoon, even, seemed an endless round of pleasure, and the week that was to come seemed longer than does a whole year now.

One needs to live many years before one learns how little time there is in a year,—how little, indeed, there will be even in the longest possible

life,—how many things one will still be obliged to leave undone.

But there is one thing, boys and girls, that you can realize, if you will try—if you will stop and think about it a little; and that is, how fast and how steadily the present time is slipping away. However long life may seem to you, as you look forward to the whole of it, the present hour has only sixty minutes, and minute by minute, second by second, it is “going! going! gone!” If you gather nothing from it as it passes, it is “gone” forever. Nothing is so utterly, hopelessly lost as “lost time.” It makes me unhappy when I look back and see how much time I have wasted; how much I might have learned and done if I had but understood how short is the longest hour.

All the men and women who have made the world better, happier, or wiser for their having lived in it, have done so by working diligently and persistently. Yet, I am certain that not even one of these, when “looking backward from his manhood’s prime, saw not the specter of his mis-spent time.”

Now, don’t suppose I am so foolish as to think that all the preaching in the world can make anything look to young eyes as it looks to old eyes; not a bit of it.

But think about it a little; don’t let time slip away by the minute, hour, day, without getting something out of it! Look at the clock now and then, and listen to the pendulum, saying of every minute, as it flies,—“Going! going! gone!”

GOING! GOING! GONE!

GOING! going! gone! Is this an auction, here, Where nobody bids, and nobody buys, and there is no auctioneer?

No hammer, no crowd, no noise, no push of women and men—

And yet the chance that is passing now will never come back again!

Going! going! gone! Here is a morn of June,—Dew, and fragrance, and color, and light, and a million sounds a-tune.

Oh, look! Oh, listen! Be wise, and take this wonderful thing,—

A jewel such as you will not find in the treasury of a king!

Going! going! gone! What is next on the list? An afternoon of purple and gold, fair as an amethyst,

And large enough to hold all good things under the sun.

Bid it in now, and crowd it full with lessons, and work, and fun!

Going! going! gone! Here is a year to be had!

A whole magnificent year held out to every lass and lad!

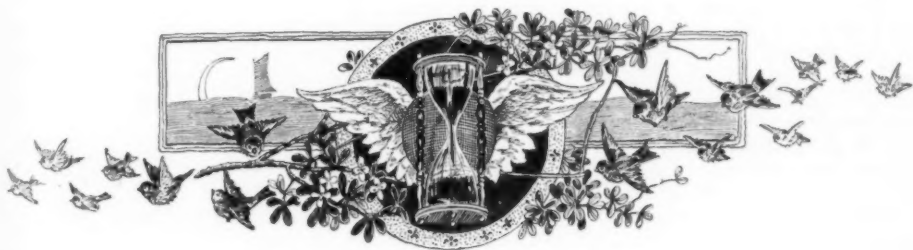
Days, and weeks, and months! Joys, and labors, and pains!

Take it, spend it, buy with it, lend it, and presently count your gains.

Going! going! gone! The largest lot comes last; Here, with its infinite unknown wealth is offered a life-time vast!

Out of it may be wrought the deeds of hero and sage,—

Come, bid! Come, bid! lest a brave bright youth fade out to a useless age!



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

[A Historical Biography.]

BY HORACE E. SCUDDER.

CHAPTER IV.

SCHOOL-DAYS.

THE story of George Washington's struggle with the colt must belong to his older boyhood, when he was at home on a vacation; for we have seen that he had to have his pony led when he was nine years old; and after his father's death, which occurred when he was eleven, he went away to school. When Augustine Washington died, he divided his several estates among his children; but his widow was to have the oversight of the portions left to the younger children until they should come of age. Lawrence Washington received an estate called Hunting Creek, located near a stream of the same name which flowed into the Potomac; and Augustine, his brother, received the old homestead near Bridge's Creek; the mother and younger children continued to live near Fredricksburg.

Both Lawrence and Augustine Washington married soon after their father's death, and as there chanced to be a good school near Bridge's Creek, George Washington now made his home with his brother Augustine, staying with him till he was nearly sixteen years old.

He was to be, like his father, a Virginian planter; and I suppose that had something to do with the kind of training which Mr. Williams, the school-master at Bridge's Creek, gave him. At any rate, it is easy to see what he studied. Most boys' copy-books and exercise-books are early destroyed, but it chanced that those of George Washington have been kept, and they are very interesting. The handwriting in them is the first thing to be noticed,—round, fair, and bold, the letters large like the hand that formed them, and the lines running straight and even. In the arithmetics and book-keeping manuals which we study at school, there are printed forms of receipts, bills, and other ordinary business papers; but in Washington's school days, the teacher probably showed the boys how to draw these up, and gave them, also, copies of longer papers, like leases, deeds, and wills. There were few lawyers in the colony, and every gentleman was expected to know many forms of documents which in these days are left to our lawyers.

Washington's exercise-books have many pages of these forms, written out carefully by the boy. Sometimes he made ornamental letters such as clerks were wont to use in drawing up such papers. This was not merely exercise in penmanship; it was practice work in all that careful keeping of accounts and those business methods which were sure to be needed by one who had to manage a great plantation. George Washington was to manage something greater, though he did not then know it; and the habits which he formed at this time were of inestimable value to him in his manhood.

The manuscript book which contains these exercises has also a list of a hundred and ten "Rules of Civility and Decent Behavior in Company and Conversation." They were probably not made up by the boy, but copied from some book or taken down from the lips of his mother or teacher. They sound rather stiff to us, and we should be likely to think the boy a prig who attempted to be governed by them; but it was a common thing in those days to set such rules before children, and George Washington, with his liking for regular, orderly ways—which is evident in his handwriting—probably used the rules and perhaps committed them to memory, to secure an even temper and self-control. Here are a few of them:

"Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

"When you meet with one of greater quality than yourself, stop and retire, especially if it be at a door or any strait place, to give way for him to pass.

"They that are in dignity or in office have in all places precedence; but whilst they are young, they ought to respect those that are their equals in birth or other qualities, though they have no public charge.

"Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment to others with modesty.

"Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.

"Take all admonitions thankfully, in what time or place soever given; but afterwards, not being culpable, take a time or place convenient to let him know it that gave them.

"Think before you speak; pronounce not im-

perfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

"Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust.

"Make no show of taking great delight in your victuals; feed not with greediness; cut your bread with a knife; lean not on the table; neither find fault with what you eat.

"Be not angry at table, whatever happens, and if you have reason to be so, show it not; put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers, for good humor makes one dish of meat a feast.

"Let your recreations be manful, not sinful.

"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."

These are not unwise rules; they touch on things great and small. The difficulty with most boys would be to follow a hundred and ten of them. They serve, however, to show what was the standard of good manners and morals among those who had the training of George Washington. But, after all, the best of rules would have done little with poor stuff; it was because this boy had a manly and honorable spirit that he could be trained in manly and honorable ways. He was a passionate but not a vicious boy, and so, since his passion was kept under control, he was all the stronger for it. The boy that could throw a stone across the Rappahannock was taught to be gentle, and not violent; the tamer of the blooded sorrel colt controlled himself, and that was the reason he could control his horse.

With all his strength and agility, George Washington was a generous and fair-minded boy; otherwise he would not have been chosen, as he often was, to settle the disputes of his companions. He was a natural leader. In his boyhood there was plenty of talk of war. What is known as King George's War had just broken out between the English and the French; and there were always stories of fights with the Indians in the back settlements. It was natural, therefore, that boys should play at fighting, and George Washington had his small military company, which he drilled and maneuvered.

Besides, his brother Lawrence had been a soldier, and he must have heard many tales of war when he visited him. Thus it came about that he was for throwing his books aside and entering His Majesty's service. He was, however, too young for the army—he was only fifteen: but Lawrence Washington encouraged him, and as he knew many officers in the navy, he had no difficulty in obtaining for his young brother a warrant as midshipman in the navy.

It is said that the young midshipman's luggage was

on board a man-of-war anchored in the Potomac, when Madam Washington, who had all along been reluctant to have her son go to sea, now declared finally that she could not give her consent to the scheme. He was still young and at school; perhaps, also, this Virginian lady, living in a country where the people were not much used to the sea, looked with concern at a profession which would take her oldest boy into all the perils of the ocean. The influence which finally decided her to refuse her consent is said to have been this letter, which she received from her brother, then in England:

"I understand that you are advised, and have some thoughts of putting your son George to sea. I think he had better be put apprentice to a tinker, for a common sailor before the mast has by no means the common liberty of the subject; for they will press him from a ship where he has fifty shillings a month, and make him take twenty-three, and cut and slash, and use him like a negro, or rather like a dog. And, as to any considerable preferment in the navy, it is not to be expected, as there are always so many gaping for it here who have interest, and he has none. And if he should get to be master of a Virginia ship (which it is very difficult to do), a planter that has three or four hundred acres of land, and three or four slaves, if he be industrious, may live more comfortably, and leave his family in better bread, than such a master of a ship can."

It seems possible from this letter that the plan was to put George into the navy that he might come to command a merchant ship; but however that may be, the plan was given up, and the boy went back to school for another year. During that time he applied himself especially to the study of surveying. In a country of great estates, and with a new, almost unexplored territory coming into the hands of planters, surveying was a very important occupation. George Washington, with his love of exactness and regularity, his orderly ways and his liking for outdoor life, was greatly attracted by the art. Five or six years must elapse before he could come into possession of the property which his father had left him; his mother was living on it and managing it. Meanwhile, the work of surveying land would give him plenty of occupation, and bring him in money; so he studied geometry and trigonometry; he made calculations, and he surveyed all the fields about the school-house, plotting them and setting down everything with great exactness.

I wonder if his sudden diligence in study and outdoor work was due at all to an affair which happened about this time. He was a tall, large-limbed, shy boy of fifteen when he fell in love with a girl whom he seems to have met when living with his brother Augustine. He calls her, in one of his letters afterward, a "lowland beauty," and tradition makes her to have been a Miss Grimes, who later married, and was the mother of one of the young soldiers who served under Washington in the War for Independence. Whatever may have been the exact reason that his love affair did not

prosper—whether he was too shy to make his mind known, or so silent as not to show himself to advantage, or so discreet with grave demeanor as to hold himself too long in reserve, it is impossible now to say; but I suspect that one effect was to make him work the harder. Sensible people do not expect boys of fifteen to be playing the lover; and George Washington was old for his years, and not likely to appear like a spooney.

CHAPTER V.

MOUNT VERNON AND BELVOIR.

ALTHOUGH, after his father's death, George Washington went to live with his brother Augustine for the sake of going to Mr. Williams's school, he was especially under the care of his eldest brother. Lawrence Washington, like other oldest sons of Virginia planters, was sent to England to be educated. After his return to America, there was war between England and Spain, and Admiral Vernon of the English navy captured one of the Spanish towns in the West Indies. The people in the American colonies looked upon the West Indies somewhat differently from the way in which we regard them at present. Not only were some of the islands on the map of America, but like the colonies, they were actually a part of the British possessions. A brisk trade was kept up between them and the mainland; and indeed, the Bermudas were once within the bounds of Virginia.

So, when Admiral Vernon needed reinforcements, he very naturally looked to the colonies close at hand. A regiment was to be raised and sent out to Jamaica as part of the British forces. Lawrence Washington, who was a spirited young fellow, obtained a commission as captain in a company of this regiment, and went to the West Indies, where he fought bravely in the engagements which followed. When the war was over he returned to Virginia, so in love with his new profession that he determined to go to England, with the regiment to which his company was attached, and to continue as a soldier in His Majesty's service.

Just then there happened two events which changed his plans and perhaps prevented him from some day fighting against an army commanded by his younger brother. He fell in love with Anne Fairfax, and before they were married, his father died. This left his mother alone with the care of a young family, and made him also at once the owner of a larger estate. His father, as I have said, bequeathed to him Hunting Creek, and there, after his marriage, he went to live, as a planter, like his father before him. For the time, at any

rate, he laid aside his sword, but he kept up his friendship with officers of the army and the navy; and out of admiration for the admiral under whom he had served, he changed the name of his estate from Hunting Creek to Mount Vernon.

The house which Lawrence Washington built was after the pattern of many Virginian houses of the day,—two stories in height, with a porch running along the front, but with its two chimneys, one at each end, built inside instead of outside. Possibly this was a notion which Lawrence Washington brought with him from England; perhaps he did it to please his English bride. The site which he chose was a pleasant one, upon a swelling ridge, wooded in many places, and high above the Potomac, which swept in great curves above and below, almost as far as the eye could see. Beyond, on the other side, were the Maryland fields and woods.

A few miles below Mount Vernon was another plantation, named Belvoir, and it was here that William Fairfax lived, whose daughter Anne had married Lawrence Washington. Fairfax also had been an officer in the English army, and at one time had been governor of one of the Bahama islands. Now he had settled in Virginia, where his family had large landed possessions.

He was a man of education and wealth, and he had been accustomed to plenty of society. He had no mind to bury himself in the backwoods of Virginia, and with his grown-up sons and daughters about him, he made his house the center of gayety. It was more richly furnished than most of the houses of the Virginia planters. The floors were covered with carpets, a great luxury in those days; the rooms were lighted with wax candles; and he had costly wines in his cellars. Servants in livery moved about to wait on the guests, and Virginia gentlemen and ladies flocked to Belvoir. The master of the house was an officer of the King, for he was collector of customs for the colony, and president of the governor's council. British men-of-war sailed up the Potomac and anchored in the stream, and the officers came ashore to be entertained by the Honorable William Fairfax.

The nearness of Mount Vernon and the close connection between the two families led to constant passage between the places. The guests of one were the guests of the other, and George Washington, coming to visit his brother Lawrence, was made at home at Belvoir also. He was a reserved, shy, awkward schoolboy. He was only fifteen when he was thrown into the gay society there, but he was tall, large-limbed, and altogether much older and graver than his years would seem to indicate. He took his place among the men in sports and hunting, and though he was silent and

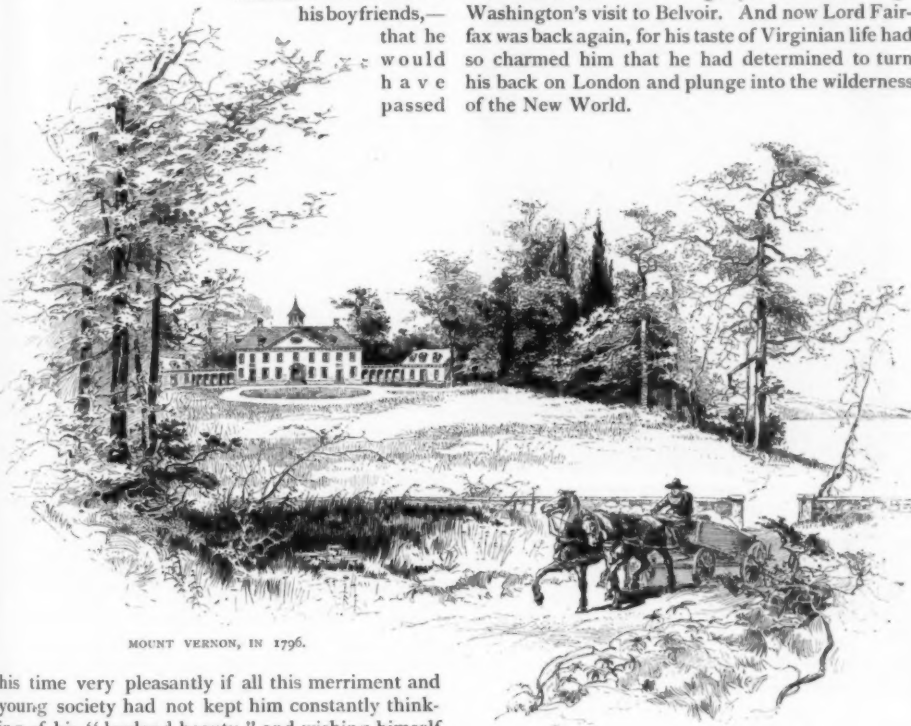
not very lively in his manner, there was something in his serious, strong face which made him a favorite among the ladies.

He met at Belvoir William Fairfax's son, George William, who had recently come home from England, and was just married. He was six years older than George Washington, but that did not prevent them from striking up a warm friendship, which continued through life. The young bride had a sister with her, and this lively girl, Miss Cary, teased and played with the big, overgrown schoolboy. I do not believe he told her

what he wrote to one of his boyfriends,—
that he would have passed

Then, later on, just as he was about to be married to a fine lady, she discovered that she could have a duke instead, and so broke the engagement and threw Lord Fairfax aside.

It chanced that his mother had all this while an immense property in Virginia, nearly a fifth of the present State, which the good-natured King Charles the Second had given to her. This was now Lord Fairfax's, and he had appointed his cousin, William Fairfax, his agent to look after it. So, when he found all London pitying him or smiling at him behind his back, he left England to visit his American estate. That had occurred eight years before George Washington's visit to Belvoir. And now Lord Fairfax was back again, for his taste of Virginian life had so charmed him that he had determined to turn his back on London and plunge into the wilderness of the New World.



MOUNT VERNON, IN 1796.

his time very pleasantly if all this merriment and young society had not kept him constantly thinking of his "lowland beauty," and wishing himself with her!

But his most notable friend was Thomas, sixth Lord Fairfax, who was at this time staying at Belvoir.* He had been a brilliant young man, of university education, an officer in a famous regiment, and at home in the fashionable and literary world of London. But he had suffered two terrible disappointments. His mother and his grandmother, when he was a boy, had so misused the property which descended to him from the Fairfaxes that when he came of age it had been largely lost.

He was at this time nearly sixty years of age, gaunt and grizzled in appearance, and eccentric in many of his ways; but people generally laid that to the disappointments which he had met. He was the great man at Belvoir; the younger people looked with admiration upon the fine-mannered gentleman who had been at court, who knew Steele and Addison and other men of letters, and had now come out into the backwoods to live upon his vast estate, the greatest in all Virginia.

* He was of the family of the famous Thomas, third Lord Fairfax, who lived in Cromwell's day, and was the head of that house of fighters who took first the side of Parliament and afterward the side of the King.

His lordship, meanwhile, cared little for the gay society which gathered at Belvoir; he was courtly to the ladies, but they saw little of him. He liked best the free, out-of-doors life in the woods and the excitement of the hunt. It was this that had pleased him when he first visited Virginia, and that now had brought him back for the rest of his

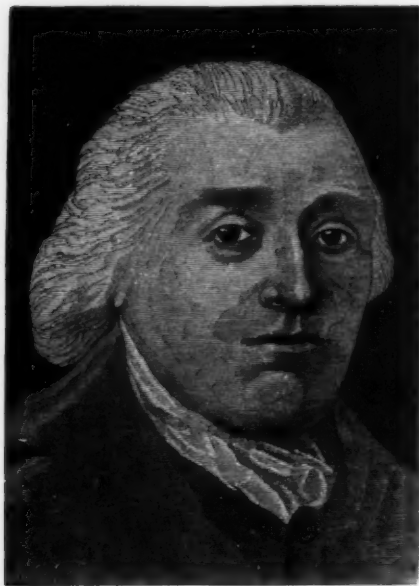
and another had settled upon them, without asking leave or troubling themselves about Lord Fairfax's title. At that time the government had done very little toward surveying the country which lay beyond the borders of population. It was left to any one who claimed such land to find out exactly where it was, and of what it consisted.

Lord Fairfax therefore determined to have his property surveyed, and he gave the commission to his young friend George Washington, who had shown not only that he knew how to do the technical work, but that he had those qualities of courage, endurance, and perseverance which were necessary. The young surveyor had just passed his sixteenth birthday, but, as I have said, he was so serious and self-possessed that his companions did not treat him as a real boy. He did not go alone, for his friend George William Fairfax went with him. As the older of the two, and bearing the name of Fairfax, he was the head of the expedition, but the special work of surveying was to be done by George Washington.

CHAPTER VI.

THE YOUNG SURVEYOR.

It was in March, 1748, just a month after George Washington was sixteen years old, that the two young men set out on their errand. They were only absent four or five weeks, but it was a sudden and rough initiation into hard life. They were mounted, and crossed the Blue Ridge by Ashby's Gap, entering the Shenandoah valley and making their first important halt at a spot known as Lord Fairfax's Quarters. The term "quarters" was usually applied at that time to the part of a plantation where the negro slaves lived. Here, in a lonely region near the river, about twelve miles south of the present town of Winchester, Lord Fairfax's overseer had charge of a number of slaves who were cultivating the ground.



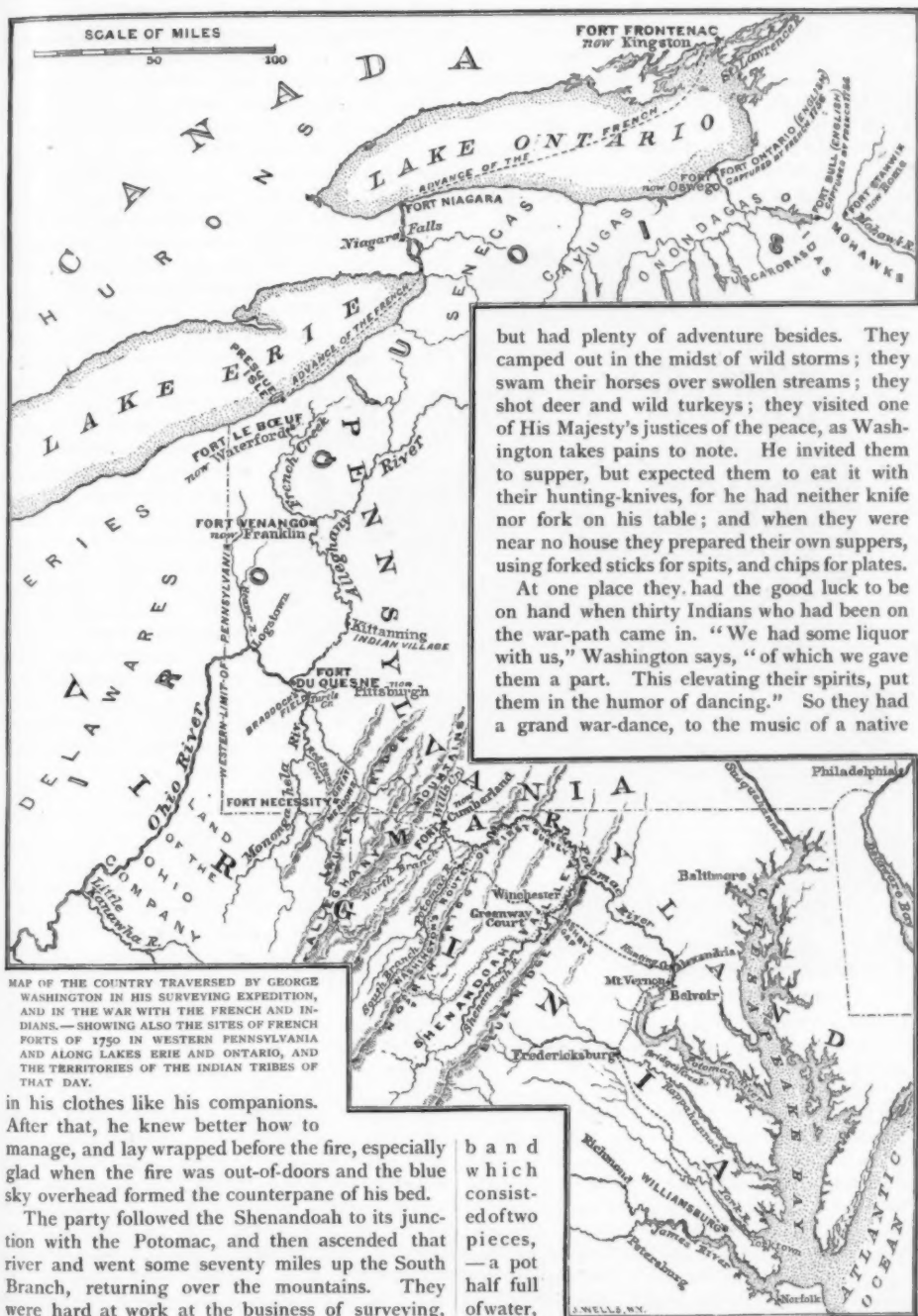
THOMAS, SIXTH LORD FAIRFAX, WHO COMMISSIONED YOUNG GEORGE WASHINGTON TO SURVEY HIS LANDS.

life. It was not strange, therefore, that a friendship should spring up between him and the tall, grave lad, who was so strong in limb, who sat his horse so firmly and rode after the hounds so well. They hunted together, and the older man came to know familiarly and like the strong young American, George Washington.

What if, in the still night, as they sat over their camp fire, the shy boy had told his gaunt, grizzled friend the secret of the trouble which kept him constrained and silent in the midst of the bright company at Belvoir! I fancy this same friend, schooled in Old World experiences and disappointments, knew how to receive this fresh confidence.

Out of this friendship came a very practical advantage. Neither Lord Fairfax nor his cousin William knew the bounds and extent of the lands beyond the Blue Ridge, which formed an important part of his lordship's domain. Moreover, rumors came that persons from the northward had found out the value of these lands, and that one

The next day after reaching this place, the young surveyor and his companion sent their baggage forward to a Captain Hite's, and followed more slowly, working as they went at their task of laying off land. At the end of a hard day they had supper, and were ready for bed. As young gentlemen, they were shown into a chamber, and Washington, who had known nothing of frontier life, proceeded as at home. He stripped himself very orderly, he says in the diary which he kept, and went to bed. What was his dismay, instead of finding a comfortable bed like that to which he was used, to discover nothing but a little dirty straw, "without sheet or anything else, but only one threadbare blanket, with double its weight of vermin." He was glad to be out of it, and to dress himself and sleep



MAP OF THE COUNTRY TRAVERSED BY GEORGE WASHINGTON IN HIS SURVEYING EXPEDITION, AND IN THE WAR WITH THE FRENCH AND INDIANS.—SHOWING ALSO THE SITES OF FRENCH FORTS OF 1750 IN WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA AND ALONG LAKES ERIE AND ONTARIO, AND THE TERRITORIES OF THE INDIAN TRIBES OF THAT DAY.

in his clothes like his companions. After that, he knew better how to manage, and lay wrapped before the fire, especially glad when the fire was out-of-doors and the blue sky overhead formed the counterpane of his bed.

The party followed the Shenandoah to its junction with the Potomac, and then ascended that river and went some seventy miles up the South Branch, returning over the mountains. They were hard at work at the business of surveying,

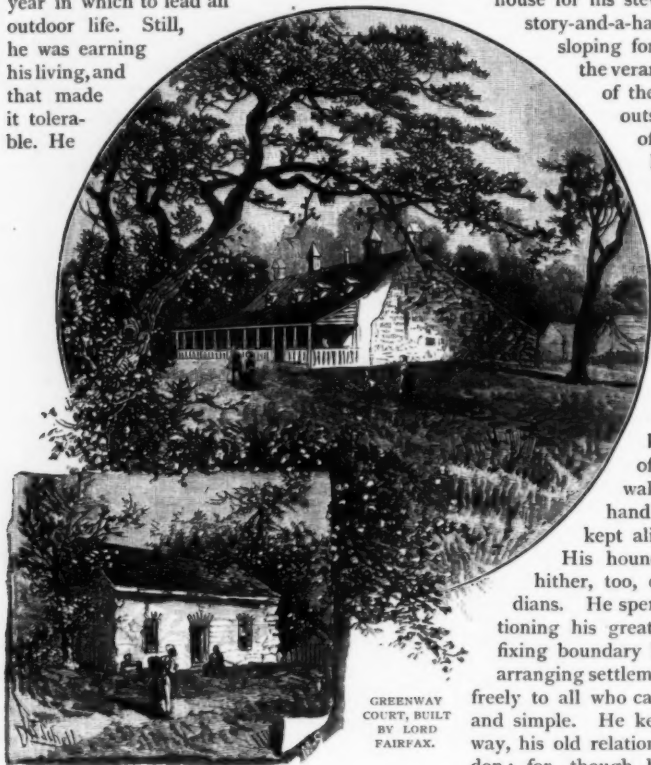
but had plenty of adventure besides. They camped out in the midst of wild storms; they swam their horses over swollen streams; they shot deer and wild turkeys; they visited one of His Majesty's justices of the peace, as Washington takes pains to note. He invited them to supper, but expected them to eat it with their hunting-knives, for he had neither knife nor fork on his table; and when they were near no house they prepared their own suppers, using forked sticks for spits, and chips for plates.

At one place they had the good luck to be on hand when thirty Indians who had been on the war-path came in. "We had some liquor with us," Washington says, "of which we gave them a part. This elevating their spirits, put them in the humor of dancing." So they had a grand war-dance, to the music of a native

band which consisted of two pieces,—a pot half full of water,

over which a deer-skin was stretched, and a gourd with some shot in it was used as a rattle.

This month of roughing it was a novelty to the young Virginian. He was used to living with gentlemen, and he shrunk a little from the discomforts which he met. He saw the rude life of the new settlers, and heard them jabbering in the German tongue, which he could not understand. It was a stormy, cold month, one of the hardest of the year in which to lead an outdoor life. Still, he was earning his living, and that made it tolerable. He



LORD FAIRFAX'S LODGING.

GREENWAY COURT, BUILT BY LORD FAIRFAX.

was paid according to the amount of work he did, and sometimes he was able to earn as much as twenty dollars in a day.

Washington kept a brief diary while he was on the excursion, and very likely he showed it to Lord Fairfax on his return; at any rate, he gave him an account of his adventures, and no doubt expanded the entry at the beginning of the diary, where he writes: "Rode to his Lordship's quarter, about four miles higher up the river Shenandoah. We went through most beautiful groves of sugar-trees, and spent the best part of the day in admiring the trees and the richness of the land." Very likely Lord

Fairfax had himself visited his quarters before this, but I think he must have been further stirred by the reports which Washington brought of the country, for not long after he went to live there.

The place known as Lord Fairfax's Quarters, he now called Greenway Court, and he hoped to build a great manor-house in which he should live, after the style of an English earl, surrounded by his tenants and servants. He never built more than a house for his steward, however. It was a long story-and-a-half limestone building, the roof sloping forward so as to form a cover for the veranda, which ran the whole length of the house. The great Virginia outside chimneys were the homes of martins and swallows, and the house itself sheltered the steward and such chance guests as came into the wilderness. Upon the roof were two wooden belfries; the bells were to call the slaves to work or to sound an alarm in case of an attack by Indians.

Lord Fairfax built for his private lodging a rough cabin only about twelve feet square, a short distance from the larger building. Here he lived the rest of his days. Upon racks on the walls were his guns, and close at hand choice books with which he kept alive his old taste for literature. His hounds walked in and out; and hither, too, came backwoodsmen and Indians. He spent his time hunting and apportioning his great estate amongst the settlers, fixing boundary lines, making out leases, and arranging settlements with his tenants. He gave freely to all who came, but his own life was plain and simple. He kept up, however, in a curious way, his old relation with the fine world of London; for, though he dressed as a hunter, and almost as a backwoodsman, he sent every year to London for new suits of clothes of the most fashionable sort.

I suppose this was in part to enable him to appear in proper dress when he went to his friends' plantations; but perhaps also he wished to remind himself that he was still an English gentleman, and might, whenever he chose, go back to the Old World. But he never did go. He lived to see his young friend become general of the army raised to defend the colonies against the unlawful use of authority by the British crown. Lord Fairfax never believed it unlawful; but he was an old man; he took no part in the struggle, but he lived

to hear of the surrender of Cornwallis and the downfall of the British power in the colonies; he received messages of love from the victorious general whom he had first started in the world; and he died soon after—on December 12, 1781—ninety years old.

It was this commission from Lord Fairfax to survey his lands which made the beginning of Washington's public life. His satisfactory execution of the task brought him an appointment from the governor as public surveyor. This meant that, when he made surveys, he could record them in the regular office of the county, and they would stand as authority if land were bought and sold. For three years now, he devoted himself to this pursuit, spending all but the winter months, when he could not well carry on field work, in laying out tracts of land up and down the Shenandoah Valley and along the Potomac.

A great deal depended on the accuracy of surveys; for if the surveyor made mistakes, he would be very likely to involve the persons whose land he surveyed in endless quarrels and lawsuits. People soon found out that Washington made no mistakes, and he had his hands full. Years afterward, a lawyer who had a great deal of business with land-titles in the new Virginia country declared that the only surveys on which he could depend were those of Washington.

The young surveyor, by his familiarity with the country, learned where the best lands lay, and he was quick to take advantage of the knowledge, so that many fine sections were taken up by him

and others of his family and connections. He saw what splendid prospects the wilderness held out, and by contact with the backwoodsmen and the Indians, he laid the foundation of that broad knowledge of men and woodcraft which stood him in such good stead afterward. He must have seemed almost like one of the Indians themselves, as he stood, grave and silent, watching them around their camp-fires.

His outdoor life, his companionship with rough men, and his daily work of surveying served to toughen him. They made him a self-reliant man beyond his years. People who saw him were struck by the curious likeness which his walk bore to that of the Indians. He was straight as an arrow, and he walked with his feet set straight out, moving them forward with the precision and care which the Indian uses. Especially did his long isolation in the wilderness confirm him in the habit of silence which he had as a boy and kept through life. Living so much by himself, he learned to think for himself and rely on himself.

Meanwhile, though his occupation was thus helping to form his character, he was still learning from his associates. There were three or four houses where he was at home. He went back to his mother at her plantation on the Rappahannock; he was a welcome guest at Belvoir; he visited Lord Fairfax in his cabin, and, as his diary shows, read his Lordship's books as well as talked with the quaint old gentleman; and he always had a home with his brother Lawrence at Mount Vernon.

(To be continued.)



THE YOUNG SURVEYOR.

THE BOLD HIGHWAYMAN.

BY M. G. VAN RENSELLAER.



IN Virginia of old,
A highwayman bold
Sprang out from his lair,
On a gay coach and pair.
The darky who drove turned pallid with fear,
And so did the darky who rode in the rear.

The master inside,
Disturbed in his ride,
Protruded his head,
And near fainted with dread.
But what happened then?—I leave it to you.
Please judge for yourselves, for I never knew.

"NOTHING ON THE BREAKFAST TABLE."

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

FRED came down late to breakfast that morning—so late that all the other members of the family were through, and had gone about their respective duties. But though he had slept so long, Fred was still sleepy, for he had staid up until twelve o'clock the night before, whereas he was usually in bed by nine. To tell the truth, he was also rather cross,—as most boys are apt to be when they are sleepy,—and as he took his seat he said: "Pshaw! there's nothing on the breakfast table."

Then he called lazily, "K-a-t-e! K-a-t-e!" But no Kate replied, for an excellent reason,—she did n't hear him; she was out in the poultry-yard feeding the chickens. So Fred leaned forward with a very discontented expression on his face, and closed his eyes; but he soon opened them again, and began to sneeze. A pungent odor had tickled his nose.

"Ker-chew! ker-chew! k-e-r-chew! What in the world did that?" said he.

"I did," replied a sharp little voice, and there

on the table, before him, stood a small creature dressed in green, and wearing the brightest of bright red caps.

"And who are you?" asked Fred.

"I'm Pepper." And the wee thing went hopping and skipping about in the nimblest manner, talking rapidly all the time. "'Nothing on the breakfast table,' hey? I believe that's what you said; and I call it decidedly ungrateful in you to say so, when there are a number of things here, brought from all parts of the world to serve you and the other animals that laugh."

"That laugh?" repeated Fred.

"Yes—that laugh. Don't you know—I'm sure you must be old enough to know—that of all the animal creation, only the human race—I think that's what it's called—can laugh? And when one considers," Pepper went on, "that I come away from the East Indies to help season your food, one would suppose that you would be somewhat obliged to me, and would not count me as nothing."

"That's true!" joined in a second little voice, and another small figure, wearing a pure white dress dotted with shining crystals, and a wreath of what seemed to be baby-snowflakes, sprang from the glass salt-cellar.

"No, indeed, of course not; I beg your pardon, and Pepper's also—" said Fred hastily. "I'm sure I never meant—"

But here another tiny form stepped from the bread-plate and bowed gracefully to him, the plumes it wore on its head nearly touching the table as it did so. "And am I nothing?" it asked, "I, to whom the whole world owes the greatest of debts; I, who have given health and strength to young and old."

"And—you—are—" began Fred, with some hesitation.

"Is it possible you don't know me?" exclaimed the pretty thing reproachfully.

"You—look—like—Wheat?" ventured Fred.

"I am Wheat!" and the feathery plumes waved lightly, as though stirred by a summer breeze, "and you have me to thank for Bread, which one of your wise ones has said 'is the staff of life.'"

"Oh! I beg your pardon, too," said Fred. "I would n't be without Bread for anything,—not even cake. Why Bread is one of the very first things I remember. Bread and—"

"Butter," cried a jolly fat fellow in cream-colored garments. "Ha! ha! I fancy all young folks become acquainted with me and my fast



"And who are you?" asked Fred.

"I am Salt," came the answer in clear tones. "I have come from deep mines and deep waters to wait upon you and your kind, for many, many years. What you would do without me I do not know, for you require my aid morning, noon, and night. Am I then to be classed as nothing?"

friend, Bread, as soon as they get their teeth, and they never drop the acquaintance. And if you, Master Fred, did n't find me on the table when you came to your meals, you'd make complaint enough to indicate that I am *something*. Now, would n't you?"

"You are something—a very important some-

thing!" declared Fred, with emphasis. "Please consider yourself included in my apology to your chums—friends, I mean."

"And how about me?" called the sweetest voice of all from the top of the syrup-jug, where sat a brown-faced elf, in a suit like jointed armor, a flower in one hand and a greenish stick in the other. "I belong to the sugar-cane, and I come from the West Indies to give you syrup for your bread and griddle-cakes, and sugar for your tea and coffee."

"I suppose I need n't tell you, my boy," exclaimed another sprite (with a pigtail), sitting astride the handle of the teapot,—“that I,—Tea, at your service,—come from China. And I shall

gently remark that I am not at all used to being considered as nothing."

"And we," spoke two more quaint, wee creatures in the same breath, as they peeped from behind the coffee-pot, "have traveled from Java and Arabia to bring you pleasure. Surely you forgot us when —"

"So I did—so I did!" interrupted Fred, "dear Coffee, or perhaps I should say Coffees. And it strikes me, as it struck my lively friend Pepper—that I've been decidedly ungrateful."

And he seemed very thoughtful when, his little visitors disappearing as suddenly as they had appeared, Kate brought in some crisp slices of buttered toast, a plate of delicious wheat cakes and golden syrup, and a cup of steaming coffee.



By W. W. E.

THE Sun and the Moon are miles apart,—
Millions and millions too;
But if those old bodies had half a heart,
They never could stand it so far apart,—
I know I could n't—could you?

But I have just heard (and I think she's right)
What the dear old Earth opines:
That the Sun shines down on some stars each night,
And shoots them off, when they're polished bright,
To the Moon for Valentines!



COMEDIES FOR CHILDREN.

BY E. S. BROOKS.

DICKY DOT AND DOTTY DICK.

DICKY DOT (*boyish and buoyant*).
 DOTTY DICK (*matronly and maidenly*).
 ARABELLA, the Doll (*non-committal*).

[Let the characters be taken by two as bright little children as can be selected for the parts: the younger the better. DOTTY, a little girl of six or seven, and DICKY, a little boy of seven or eight. The only properties necessary are the doll and doll-carriage, with afghan and a small umbrella. Dress in taking costumes of to-day, with ulsters and large hats, if possible, for better effect. DICKY, at least, should have an ulster and hat. Caution the children to speak slowly and distinctly.]

[DOTTY enters, right, wheeling ARABELLA in doll-carriage; stops at center.

DOTTY (*disconsolately*).

Oh dear, oh dear! a mother's cares are really very wearing;

I did *so* want to rest—but, no; this child must have an airing.

(*Convulsively.*)

Why, Arabella Florence Dick, you 'll catch your death o' danger!

How *dare* you throw that afghan off!

[Leans down to adjust it, and sees DICKY outside.

My goodness! there 's a stranger.

Why, no!—why, yes! it 's Dicky Dot, a-prancing and a-dancing.

He 's got a brand new ulster on—my! does n't he look entrancing!

And does n't he *think* he just looks fine! In boys, it 's *too* distressing
 To see them thinking of their clothes—we girls *must* mind our dressing.

[Enter DICKY, at the left, lifting his hat.

Good morning, Mr. Dicky Dot; I hope you 're well and hearty.

DICKY (*taking his hat off politely*).

Oh, thank you, Mrs. Dotty Dick; I 'm quite a healthy party.

And how are you, and [*bending over carriage*] how 's the child—Miss Arabella Florence?

DOTTY (*dolefully*).

I 'm well enough; but oh, that child!—I just could weep in torrents!

She does enjoy *such* feeble health, I 'm in a constant fever!

I hardly dare to take her out—I can't go off and leave her.

And so, you see, I 'm tied at home; it 's such a wear and bother!

Oh, Mr. Dicky Dot, be glad that *you* are not a mother.

DICKY (*thankfully*). I 'm sure I 'm glad.

DOTTY. Ah yes! our lives are just a lot of worry,
 While all you boys have easy times, all fun, and play, and hurry.

DICKY. Oh, no, we don't.

DOTTY. Oh, yes, you do.

DICKY. We have to work for *true*, though.

DOTTY. Well, so do we, and worry, too— that does n't trouble you, though.

You walk around in pantaloons—

DICKY (*with an injured air*). Only one pocket though, ma'am.

DOTTY. A brand new ulster.

DICKY (*proudly*). Aint it nice?—I'm really quite a show, ma'am.

DOTTY. And here I have to tend and mind a dreadful fretty baby.

I'm just a nurse-girl, I declare!

DICKY (*consolingly*). She'll soon get better.

DOTTY (*dubiously*). May be.

DICKY (*seriously*). You're only play-mad; are n't you, now?

DOTTY. Of course; it's "nothings" worry;

But that's the way my mamma acts when she's all in a flurry.

DICKY (*hopefully*). Some day *we'll* both be big folks, too.

DOTTY (*with satisfaction*). I'll wear my dresses longer.

DICKY. And I'll wear boots, and big high hats, and be a great deal stronger.

And you wont care for dolls!—

DOTTY (*expostulatingly*). Oh, yes!

DICKY (*stoutly*). Oh, no!

DOTTY (*decidedly*). I'll *always* love them.

DICKY (*patronizingly*). Oh, not when you're a lady, Dot;

'Cause then you'll feel above them.

DOTTY (*thoughtfully*). And what will you be, Dicky Dot? A—butcher—or—a—teacher?

DICKY (*considering*). Oh, neither, Dot; I think—I'll be—a—prince—or else—a preacher.

DOTTY. I'd be a prince, if I were you—all spangles gold, and rattle.

DICKY. I think I'll be a general, and lead my troops to battle.

What would you say to see, some day—a-gal-
loping and rearing—

Me—Major-General Richard Dot—and hear the people cheering?

DOTTY (*coolly*). I s'pose I'd say, "Why, goodness me What is that Dicky trying?"

I'm sure he'll fall and hurt himself!"—And then you'd tumble, crying.

DICKY (*indignantly*). I guess I would n't, Dotty Dick; why—generals never tumble.

I'll be a man, then.

DOTTY. So you will.

DICKY (*contemptuously*). And you'll be scared and humble.

DOTTY (*energetically*). Oh, no! I wont; for then I'll be a queen so grand and glorious.

DICKY (*incredulously*). You?—Dotty Dick?

DOTTY (*magnificently*). Yes—me! I'll be Queen Dora, the victorious!

DICKY (*dumfounded*). Well—well!

DOTTY. And then the kings will crowd to beg my hand in marriage.

And I will say—

(*haughtily*)

"Ah—General Dot, just order up my carriage!"

DICKY (*taken all aback by this grandeur*).

Well—I must say—of all the girls that plague, and tease, and tickle us—

You are about the—. Dotty Dick, I—really—am—

DOTTY (*sarcastically*). Re-dick-alous!

Oh, Dicky Dot! Oh, Dicky Dot! do you think only you, sir,

Can grow up big, and grand, and fine? What you do, I can do, sir!

So why can't we be partners, then—the same as when we're playing?

You be the General—I'll be Queen, whom all the world's obeying.

And you will be so brave and strong, that none can ever humble me.

DICKY (*bombastically*). Yes, I'll protect you!

DOTTY (*starting suddenly away from carriage*).

Oh! what's that?—a dreadful, horrid bumble-bee!

DICKY (*running away*). Look out! he'll sting you!

[Opens umbrella, and holds it before him.

DOTTY (*pitiously*). Drive him off!

DICKY (*backing further off*).

I can't! he'll sting a fellow.

Come under the umbrella—quick! He's there by Arabella.

[DOTTY runs under the umbrella, and they both sit on the ground, central, under cover of its protection. Then they cautiously put their heads out, at opposite sides, and look at each other.

DOTTY (*sarcastically*). Well, Major-General Richard Dot, you are a brave defender.

DICKY (*apologetically*). I'm 'fraid of bees—

DOTTY (*critically*). But generals ought n't to be quite so tender!

DICKY (*starting bravely to his feet*). Queen Dora, shall I charge the foe?

DOTTY (*rising, but guarding herself with the open umbrella*).

Do, General, I implore you!

He's at my daughter! Oh, see there! Save her, and I'll adore you!

DICKY (*pulling off his hat, charges manfully toward the carriage, beating the air as if he were striking down a bee*). Be off, you traitor! (*dodging him*). No, you don't! Ha! ha! I've killed him, Dotty! (*Clapping his hand to his mouth*).

Oh! oh! he's stung me!

DOTTY (*dropping the umbrella, and rushing to Dicky's side, full of sympathy*).

Dicky! Where?

DICKY (*jumping in pain and showing his hand to Dotty*). O-o-o! There!

DOTTY (*examining it critically*). How white and spotty!

Say, will it kill you?

DICKY (*dubiously*). I don't know. I s'pose there 's poison in it!

DOTTY (*in tears*). Oh, dear! Oh, dear! And all for me! Oh, why did I begin it?

DICKY (*consolingly*). Now, Dotty, darling! don't you fret! I'll—O-o-o-o! I'll try to bear it.

DOTTY. Poor Dicky! let me wrap it up (*stripping the afghan off the carriage and surveying it critically*). Oh dear! I'll have to tear it.

DICKY (*putting it back*). No, no, your handkerchief will do.

DOTTY (*sweetly*). I'll kiss it!

DICKY. That 'll cure it! (*Dotty kisses the stung hand*).

It don't pain half so badly now; I think I can endure it.

DOTTY (*wrapping Dicky's hand up in her handkerchief*).

Oh, what a brave boy, Dicky Dot! You're General no longer.

If I'm the Queen, then you be King: you're nobler, sir, and stronger.

And Arabella,—she shall be the fairy who shall lead us

To where our golden palace stands, with lords to serve and feed us.

DICKY. But we've not got our king-clothes on—'t will set the folks a-staring.

DOTTY. I think I'd rather see my King his brand new ulster wearing.

DICKY (*utterly captivated*). Oh, are n't you nice!

DOTTY (*sweetly*). And so are you.

DICKY (*thoughtfully*). My papa said, this morning, 'T was manlier to rule yourself, than be a throne adorning.

DOTTY (*puzzled*). What did he mean?

DICKY (*still thoughtful*). I s'pose he meant a coward 's mean—and—sniffy!

DOTTY. You're not.

DICKY (*accusingly*). I ran!

DOTTY (*emphatically*). But then—you killed that buzzer—in a jiffy!

DICKY (*confidingly*). Well, Dotty, something said—right here (*putting his hand on his heart*):

"Hm! you're a pretty fellow,

A-hiding from a bumble-bee behind a big umbrella;

A general that 's 'fraid to fight will fail unless he 's bolder.

If you're a 'fraid-cat now, you'll be a 'fraid-cat when you're older."

And so I up and killed him dead.

DOTTY (*shaking her head*).

He 's stung you badly, may be.

DICKY (*stoutly*).

I'd rather be hurt awful bad than be a coward-baby.

How 's Arabella?

DOTTY (*examining Arabella carefully*). She 's all right.

DICKY. No stings on hand or footy?

DOTTY. Oh, no; she 's just mussed up a bit; I'll fix her nice and pretty.

[Shakes Arabella out, and re-arranges her in the carriage.

DICKY. Let's play the bee was monstrous big and had a dragon's head on;

And you two be the princesses, such as they're always fed on.

I'll be the prince who 's galloped up, at just the lucky minute,

And killed the dragon dead—and left my sword a-sticking in it.

DOTTY (*enthusiastically*).

Oh yes. Well, I'm the Princess, then—

just like the fairy story,—

And we'll live happy all our days, with lots of gold and glory.

DICKY. All right. And, as the dragon's dead, let 's play there 'd come to meet us

A big procession, with the King and all his court to greet us.

DOTTY (*grasping the doll-carriage*). Then let Prince Dicky lead the way.

DICKY (*shouldering the umbrella*).

Let Princess Dotty follow

With Arabella, off of whom the dragon took a swallow.

DOTTY. She 's in the chariot—O, so ill!

DICKY. Move on now to the palace.

Guns boom, flags wave, because we've all escaped the dragon's malice.

DOTTY (*stopping him and taking his hand*).

But, 'fore we go, we ought to thank these friends who've listened to us.

[Both face the audience.

DICKY. If you are pleased, then we are glad; such good your smiles can do us.

And if, some time, you come to court, just ask—

DOTTY. We'll come out quick.

[Both join hands.

DICKY. For Prince and General Dicky Dot.

DOTTY. And Princess Dotty Dick.

[Both bow majestically.

[CURTAIN.]

[If no curtain is used the children can then march off—DICKY, with umbrella, in front, and DOTTY, rolling doll-carriage, following.

THE REAL KING.

BY JOHN R. CORVELL.

THE lion is called the king of beasts; but after all, he is rather a sneaking sort of fellow, and not what we have a right to expect a monarch to be. He is very strong, and when he must fight, does so fiercely; but as he is not any more powerful than the tiger, and is not even as good a fighter, he ought to take rank next to that first cousin of his.

But even the tiger is not entitled to the first place, for he is not by any means the master of the brute creation. If any animal can be said to hold that place, it is certainly the elephant. Only, the elephant, not being a flesh-eater, very seldom has trouble with his comrades of the forests, and consequently has no reputation as a fighter. And yet he can fight, even in captivity, as was seen only a few weeks ago, when in the winter quarters of a menagerie at Philadelphia,—according to the newspapers,—an enraged lion, escaping from his broken cage, dashed madly upon a great elephant, only to be instantly crushed to death by the powerful beast which he had dared to attack.

All animals, indeed, respect the elephant and give him a wide berth. Once in a while, a rhinoceros will lose his wits and go tearing through the jungle, regardless of consequences, and he might then attack even an elephant. As a rule, the result is very disastrous to the rhinoceros, which is quite likely to discover that his horn is no match for the two shining white tusks of the elephant.

When used by man for hunting the tiger, the elephant will frequently display the most abject fear, should the tiger suddenly spring up in his path; and this fact has led to the belief that the elephant has a natural fear of the tiger. The truth is, the tamed elephant has been taught to so bend his will to his human master's that he has lost his ability to act upon his own impulse, and, moreover, is so hampered by his crowded howdah, and his other trappings, that he has not full liberty of action.

Stories without number are told by hunters of combats witnessed in the jungle between elephants and other animals, and all go to show the prodigious strength and activity of the huge creatures. Strength, of course, the elephant would be expected to have, but it is hard to comprehend how so ungainly-looking a creature can be so active and agile as he really is. That he can outrun a fleet

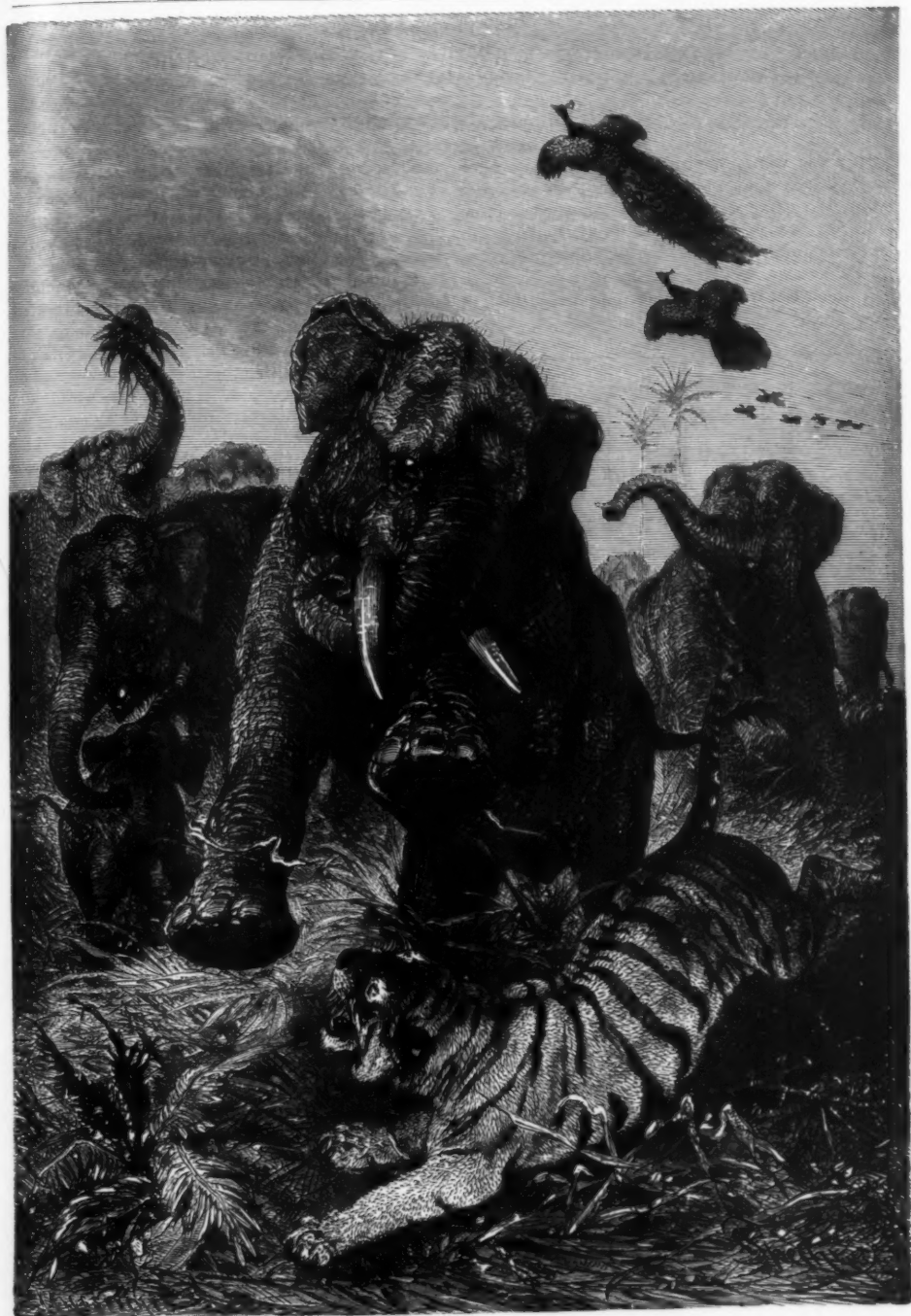
horse seems incredible enough, but it is even more wonderful that he can vie in quickness of movement with the muscular tiger.

One of a party of hunters in India left camp one evening, intending to shoot one of the peacocks which were heard screaming in their discordant way not very far from camp. He knew from experience that he might find a tiger in the neighborhood, though up to that time no traces of that animal had been seen. But the tiger is so fond of peacock that experienced hunters always go cautiously to shoot the birds.

In this case the caution was wise, for when near the spot where the birds were, the hunter just saved himself from stumbling on a large tiger, which fortunately was so much taken up with stealing upon the birds that it did not notice the man. The latter, anticipating some interesting sport, watched the tiger move stealthily through the underbrush and come upon the noisy birds. Whoever has seen an ordinary cat crouch and spring can comprehend what the hunter saw. The spring was unsuccessful, however; and, as is its custom, the tiger, as if ashamed of its failure, was slinking away, when there came the noise of crashing underbrush, and the graceful creature crouched closely to the ground.

The noise, as the hunter had at once suspected, was caused by the approach of a herd of elephants. Again he waited silently for further developments. The huge creatures made their way straight toward the clearing where the peacocks had been feeding on the grain which grew there. At the head of the herd gambled a baby elephant. Unconscious of the presence of the tiger, the little creature was almost upon it, when the great cat, as if unable to resist the temptation, darted toward it. Like magic the whole herd responded to the shrill cry of the mother, and the leader of the herd charged to the rescue.

The tiger seemed willing to retreat, but that the leader would not permit; and then began a fierce combat, in which the tiger with all its agility strove to take the elephant anywhere but in front. To avoid this, the elephant moved about with astonishing celerity, and finally with a quick plunge caught the tiger under its ponderous foot, and with one terrible thrust pierced it with its tusks. Is not the elephant the real King?



BADMINTON.

BY CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON.

IN these wintry months when frost and snow have driven tennis-players from their summer lawns, the game can be played only when large halls are available. There is, however, an excellent substitute for tennis in Badminton, a game which has been popular for many years in England, and which last winter became quite the fashion in New York.

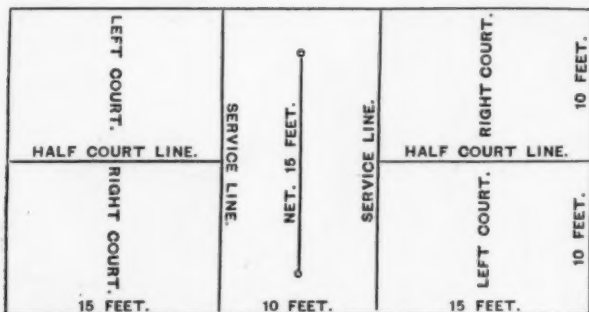


DIAGRAM OF A BADMINTON COURT.

It is, in effect, lawn-tennis with light, feathered shuttlecocks instead of balls. A court of the dimensions indicated in the diagram is the full size, as used for play in the spacious regimental armories of New York. It is far larger than is possible for most private establishments. The parlor or the garret, however, can be marked off into courts sufficiently large, and nothing can be finer for Badminton than a genuine country barn, with the net suspended between the hay-mows on either side. White tape may be pinned down to mark the courts on a carpeted floor, and probably no one will object if the chalk line is used in barn or garret.

Badminton can be played over a net or a cord. The regulation height of the net is five feet six inches at the ends, and five feet in the middle. The only use in giving it any width at all is, that the players may be sure that the shuttlecock goes over it instead of under it,—a requirement which may easily be in doubt where only a line is used.

The game consists in striking the shuttlecock back and forth over the net, until one of the players fails to return it.

Suppose that the game is to be single,—that is, that only two players are to be engaged,—choice of position and opening play should be decided by lot. The one who makes the first stroke is called

the "server," and the other is the "striker out." The "server" must stand with both feet within his own right-hand court, and strike the shuttlecock so that it will, if it reaches the ground, fall within the boundaries of the court diagonally opposite.

If the shuttlecock is sent fairly over, touching neither net nor posts, and falls to the ground within the court specified, the "server" scores *ace*; that is, fifteen, as explained farther on. If the shuttlecock touches net or posts, it is a "fault," and the "server" must serve again. Two consecutive "faults" put him "hand out," with no score for either side, and his opponent serves in turn.

He is "hand-out," also, if he strikes the shuttlecock more than once; if he sends it out of bounds; if he touches it with any part of clothing or person, after having hit it with his racket; or if he fails altogether to send it over the net.

These last are more serious than mere "faults," and no second trial is allowed.

If the "server" scores,—that is, if his shuttlecock falls to the ground within the diagonally opposite court,—he serves again, standing this time in his own left court, and so on, changing courts until his opponent scores.

If the "server's" shuttlecock grazes the net or posts and the other player returns it, the game goes on; and in like manner, if the "striker-out" fails to make a clear return, but the "server" chooses to receive and send it back, the game continues. If the shuttlecock falls on a line, it counts for the striker.

After the shuttlecock is "in play," either player may aim to send it so that it will fall anywhere within either of the opposite courts, the purpose of each player being to make the return as difficult as possible for his opponent. The first stroke only is limited to the court diagonally opposite.

When either player wins his first stroke, the score is called fifteen for that player. When either wins his second stroke, his score becomes thirty. When either wins a third stroke, the score becomes forty, and the fourth stroke won scores "game."

If both players win three strokes,—scoring forty each,—the score is called *dence*, and the next

stroke won by either is called *advantage* for that player. If this same player wins the next stroke he wins the game, but if his opponent wins it, the score returns to *deuce*; and so on until one player wins two successive strokes immediately following *deuce*, when the game is scored for that player.

A "set" consists of eleven games; therefore, the player who wins six games wins the set; but if both have won five games the score is called *games all*, and the next game won by either player is called *advantage game* for that player. If the same player wins the next game he wins the set, but if he loses it, the score returns to *games all*, and so on until one player or the other wins two games immediately following the score of *games all*, upon which he wins the set.

Tennis-players, of course, know all about this method of counting, and it is given here merely for the benefit of those who wish to play Badminton, and are not familiar with tennis.

Suitable rackets and shuttlecocks may be had of any dealer. The nets now furnished are usually tennis nets, and are wider than necessary. A strip

of white mosquito netting, with a tape run through one edge, will serve for a net, and a few split shot pinched in place along the lower selvedge will make it hang nicely. Half-a-dozen tassels will do equally well, and will make the whole affair quite ornamental.

The power of flight of the shuttlecocks may be regulated to suit the size of the court, by making a small hole in the center of each end of the cork and pushing in shot until the right weight is secured. It is a good plan to cover the cork with thin india-rubber, and a truer flight is secured for it by lacing a thread in and out around the feathers, about an inch and a half from the cork, drawing it tight enough to make the feathers perfectly even.

In three-handed games the single player serves in every alternate game, and the partners serve by turns. In four-handed, and so on up to eight-handed games, the service is taken alternately, and the partners on the opposing sides adopt a regular order in taking their turns as "servers." The scoring for these sets is governed by the same rules as in single-handed games.



TOTTY'S BANJO.

AMONG THE LAW-MAKERS.*

BY EDMUND ALTON.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN CONSTITUTIONS
COMPARED.

RAND as our Republic is, others besides ourselves can claim a share in its glory. While always patriotic, we should also ever be just. Our Constitution, with all its majesty, is not beyond improvement, and much which lends it grace and strength we owe to foreign lands. Let us not, therefore, boast of a perfection we do not possess, nor withhold from others the tribute they deserve.

Indebted though we are, in many respects, to Greece and other nations of the East, it is from England, the great battle-ground of our civilization, that we have received the most precious safeguards of civil liberty. The history of the English people is our history, and every American boy and girl should study it as such. It will show you how, for centuries, our English forefathers resisted the oppressions of the crown, and you will understand how the countless blessings of the victories they won have descended to the generation of to-day. From the time when King John gave way before the power of the United Barons, to the time when the scepter of the Stuarts was placed within the hands of William, Prince of Orange, the history of the English people is replete with deeds of valor and of patriotism which should be familiar to us all. These matters I cannot here recount or even attempt to explain; but until you understand these great events, you cannot properly prize the advantages you enjoy, or realize how sacred is the debt due to the land of our ancestors.

Not only does Congress in its simple rules of procedure proclaim the Parliament of Great Britain as its model, but in the general design of our federal legislature and in many other features of our Constitution, we are constantly reminded of how much we have borrowed from the Constitution of England. The points of difference, however, are as noticeable as those of resemblance; and I shall try to compare the two governments and show, by a brief sketch or parallel, in what respects they differ and in what respects they are alike. Let me,

therefore, view their general outlines as they stand to-day; the limits of a single chapter will not permit me to go into details. If at any part of these chapters I carry you beyond your depth, perhaps your fathers will come to the rescue with history and dictionary to help you out.

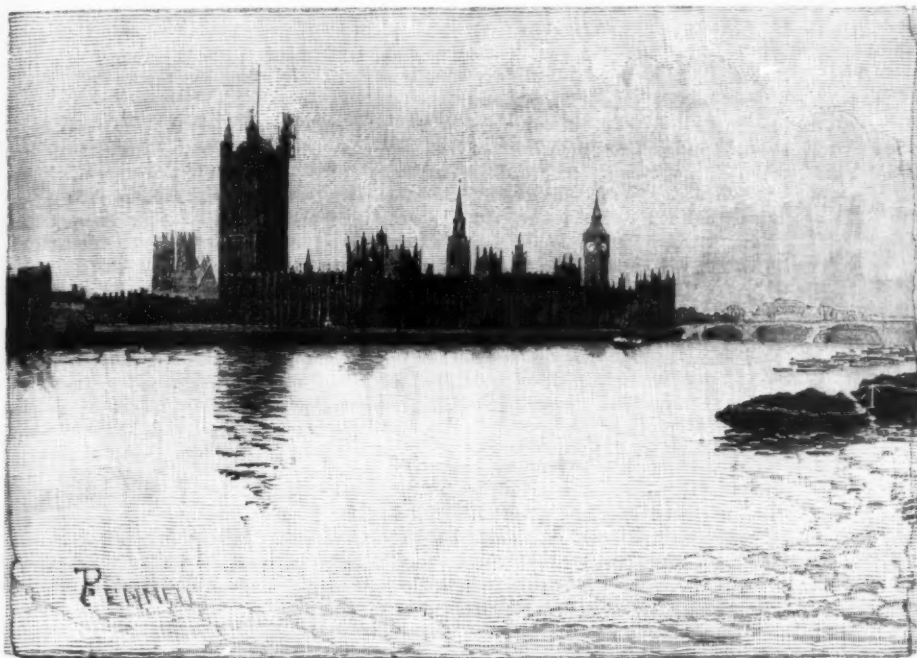
As far back as 1536, in the reign of Henry VIII., the little dominion of Wales was merged into the Kingdom of England, to which the Isle of Man and other adjacent territory already belonged; on the 1st day of May, 1707, the kingdoms of England and Scotland were, by formal articles of union, united into one kingdom under the name of Great Britain; and by similar articles, which took effect on the 1st day of January, 1801, Great Britain and Ireland were joined into one kingdom, under the name of The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, with one common government seated at London. This common government is in the form of a limited monarchy, with a Queen (whose title is hereditary, and whose power is limited), a Parliament, and a Judiciary. By the articles of union, both Scotland and Ireland were stripped of their local governments; they accepted as their monarch the King then occupying the English throne, and agreed to the "succession" (that is, the line of hereditary reigning sovereigns), as the English Parliament had declared it. In short, the English Parliament merely opened its door to allow a certain number of representatives from Ireland and Scotland to enter, and, with this exception and its extended power, the English government went on as if nothing had happened. So that to-day, after centuries of disturbance and struggle, the authority of that government is supreme not only in the Kingdom, but in the colonies and dependencies throughout the world.

On the 4th of March, 1789, by formal ratifications of the Constitution, the eleven independent States of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, South Carolina, and Georgia entered into a Union under the name of the United States of America, into which North Carolina and Rhode Island, the remaining two of the thirteen original States, shortly afterward came, and into which twenty-five additional States have since been admitted. Over these thirty-eight States there is a federal government seated at Washington, in the

form of a republic, with a President elected every four years by the people of the Union, a Congress, and a Judiciary. On entering into the Union, the States preserved their independence and retained their local governments; they provided that both the States, as States, and the people of the States, as individual citizens, should have a voice in the election of the President; they were guaranteed a representation in both branches of the Congress, and this representation was fixed on terms of equality between the sovereign States as to the Upper House, or Senate, and made proportionate to pop-

over others, in many matters of local interest to the States it has no authority whatever. Yet, in regard to the Seat of Government and the Territories, although most of these Territories have been organized and given local governments and delegates in Congress, their chief executive and judicial officers are appointed by the President, and the authority of the General Government is as absolute as is that of Parliament.

The people of Great Britain are divided, politically, into two general classes called the clergy



THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT AT WESTMINSTER.

ulation as to the Lower House, or House of Representatives. (The representation of Scotland and Ireland in the Imperial Parliament was not so fixed on terms of equality as to the Upper House or according to population as to the Lower.) It was expressly understood (and so declared in the Tenth Amendment) that all powers not delegated by the Constitution to the Congress were and are reserved to the States or to the people thereof, and emphatic restrictions as well as prohibitions were imposed. The Federal Government is, therefore, one of limited powers, for, while its jurisdiction is exclusive over some affairs and supreme

and the laity. The former comprises the ecclesiastics of the established Protestant Episcopal Church. The laity is subdivided into three classes, the military, the maritime, and the civil state. The military and maritime states are composed of the army and navy,—the soldiers and sailors in the public service. The civil state is subdivided into two classes: the nobility, a class especially honored with titles and rank derived from the Crown and chiefly hereditary; and the commonalty, embracing all other subjects of the kingdom. The clergy, the nobility, and the commonalty are represented in the administration of the common

government, yet not with equal power; and these class distinctions arrange the nation into one long line, with a regular order of superiority recognized and observed in social as well as official circles. First in the order of precedence, as it is called, stands "Her Majesty the Queen," or the reigning sovereign. The heir apparent to the throne ("His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales," as he is designated) stands second; next come other princes and princesses of the blood royal; then follows the Archbishop of Canterbury, and then a regular succession down through the line of clergy, nobility, and commonalty, with slight variations in favor of high officers of the state, ending with "gentlemen, yeomen, tradesmen, artificers, and laborers."

The people of the United States of America are not separated into political classes. The Government is representative in form; all male citizens, whether native-born or naturalized, over the age of twenty-one years, including public officers, are, with few exceptions, entitled to vote,—the vote of the laborer being equal in power to the vote of the President. And as to such States as have imposed property conditions or otherwise denied or abridged the right to vote, the Constitution provides that their representation shall be proportionately reduced. We have no established religion, no titles of nobility,—both are expressly prohibited. The only distinctions we recognize are "people" and "servants of the people"; the former class consisting of the "private citizens," the latter class embracing all officers in the public service; and while, by the etiquette of the White House and the social circles of Washington, a certain order of precedence is observed, this distinction is confined to the arrangement of seats at the dinner-table or to the momentous question as to which of two ladies shall make the first *call* on the other. These distinctions do not touch the national interests, nor does anybody care for them, outside of the city of Washington.

In England, the great powers of government are not distributed among three distinct and independent departments. The Parliament, as the legislative department of the Government, is the supreme power in the realm; yet, its authority is more than simply legislative. It possesses judicial functions, and practically wields all the rights and powers of the sovereign. The title to the crown is hereditary; the succession, however, may be changed by Parliament at any time. As the head of the nation, the Queen is, in theory, vested with the executive powers of government, and she is also a part of the legislative power, but, as a fact,

the executive functions of the Crown are exercised by the ministry, or cabinet, chosen from the political party that has a majority in the House of Commons. They exercise these functions in the name of the sovereign. The Queen is *said* to be the fountain of honor, of justice, and (by a feudal fiction invented by William the Conqueror) of property. But the real, personal power of the sovereign in the important affairs of government has long since been absorbed by Parliament and the courts.

The courts of justice are composed of judges selected from the legal profession. In theory, they are the agents of the Crown; they are created by the exercise of the royal prerogative, in the hands of the parliamentary ministry, and are, in fact, subordinate only to the supremacy of Parliament itself.

In our republic, the powers of sovereignty are committed to three distinct and independent departments. The Congress, as the legislative department of the Government, is, of course, the supreme power; yet, mighty though it is, it can not transcend its legislative jurisdiction. The President is elected by the people; he holds office for four years, and Congress has no power beyond counting the electoral votes, and providing, by law, what person shall temporarily occupy the Presidential office in the event of the death or disability of the President and Vice-President. The President is the head of the nation and, as Chief Magistrate, the judicial writs of Federal courts run in his name. He can not bestow "honors." The property of this country is "allodial," or "*not* feudal"; we have no "lord paramount"; we owe no one "feudal allegiance"; we are all sovereigns ourselves, and expect the President to serve us. He is expressly charged with the performance of the executive affairs of government, and, in the performance of his constitutional duties, he can not be disturbed by Congress or the courts. His Cabinet advisers and other subordinate officers he selects of his own free-will, regardless of the partisan complexion of either House, although the consent of two-thirds of the Senate is necessary to the appointment of his principal assistants. He is a great personal power in the Government. The Federal judges are appointed by the President with the consent of the Senate; and the mandate of the Supreme Court is final and binding upon all. The Judicial Department is as independent as the Executive.

The Parliament consists of the Crown and the "three estates of the realm,"—the Lords spiritual, the Lords temporal, and the Commons. It is divided into two bodies,—the House of Lords and

the House of Commons. The House of Lords is composed of the first two estates of the realm,—the Lords spiritual and the Lords temporal. The Lords spiritual are the archbishops and the bishops; they represent the Church. The Lords temporal are the dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons; they represent the peerage, or nobility. Most of the English peers sit in Parliament by right of inheritance; but, as in the case of the Lords spiritual, their titles are derived from the Crown, and their number may be increased at any time by the sovereign, acting through the ministry. The peerage of Scotland is entitled to elect a certain number of its members to seats in the House of Lords, but the terms of such members expire upon the dissolution of a Parliament. The peerage of Ireland has a similar right; the members elected by it, however, holding their seats for life.

The House of Commons is composed of the third estate, and consists of knights, citizens, and burgesses, representing the counties, cities, and boroughs of the kingdom. They are elected by the great body of the commonalty, subject to certain property and other restrictions.

The Congress consists of two bodies of men—the Senate and the House of Representatives. The members of the Senate are elected by the legislatures of the several States, each State being entitled to a representation of two. The number of senators can only be increased by the admission into the Union of additional States; nor can any State be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate without its own consent. The House of Representatives is composed of representatives of the people of the republic, duly elected by the people, the representation being proportioned among the several States in the ratio of population, although each State is entitled to at least one representative. The people of each organized territory have, by Congressional enactment, the right to elect a delegate to Congress, who occupies a seat in the House, but is not permitted to vote in the enactment of laws.

The House of Lords represents the clergy and the nobility, and its majority may be controlled by the ministry of the Commons wielding the royal power of increasing the number of lords, spiritual or temporal. The Senate represents the States, as independent sovereignties, and is not

subject to be increased by the caprice of any other clique or body.

The House of Commons represents the people of the kingdom; yet the right to vote is still denied to thousands of the commonalty.* The House of Representatives represents the people of the republic, and the right to vote is practically universal.†

The House of Lords is presided over by the Lord Chancellor, who is, by virtue of his office, its Speaker. The Senate is presided over by the Vice-President, who is, by virtue of his office, its President.

The House of Commons elects its own Speaker from among its own membership, but goes through the formality of getting permission to do so from the Crown. The House of Representatives chooses its Speaker from its own membership as a right conferred by the Constitution, and not by the grace of any one.

Each House of Parliament makes its own rules, and regulates its own affairs, and the members of both enjoy freedom from arrest (except in certain cases), and from legal responsibility for words uttered in debate. The same privileges extend to each House of Congress, and to the members of both.

In England the House of Commons has the exclusive right of originating all money-bills, and the power of impeachment, and also has the authority of a Court of Record to punish for contempt. The House of Lords is the Supreme Court of law in the kingdom, and has also the exclusive power to try impeachments. In legislative matters, "three peers may wield all the authority of the House, and forty members constitute a quorum in the House of Commons."

In America the House of Representatives has the exclusive right of originating all measures for raising revenue, and the exclusive power of impeachment. The Senate has the exclusive right to ratify treaties and confirm executive appointments, and try impeachments. But neither House has general authority to punish for contempt, nor can either do any business without the presence of a majority of its members.

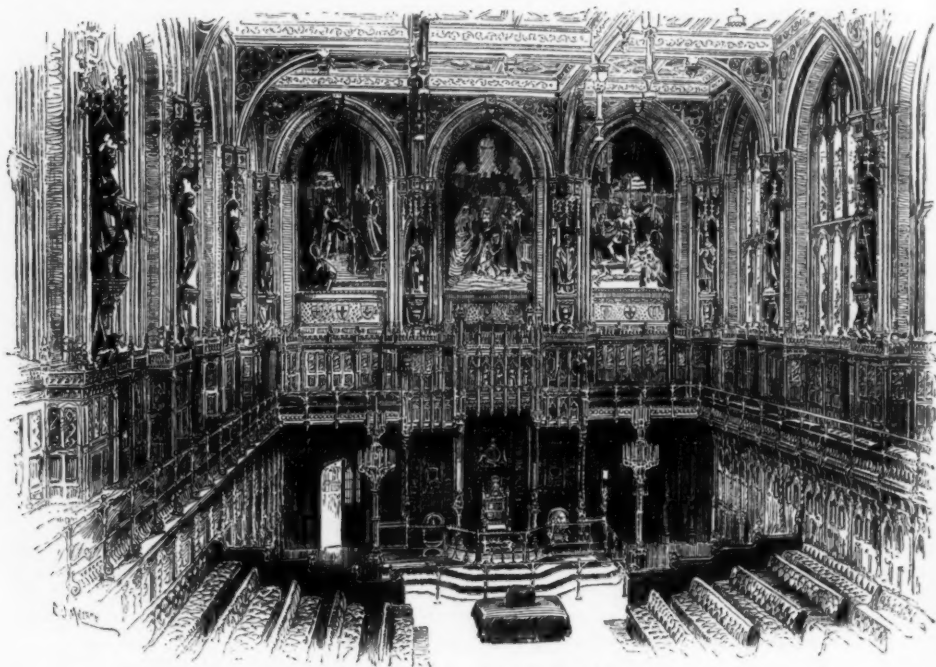
A Parliament is convened by summons from the Queen. When so convened, each House has the right to adjourn its proceedings as it sees fit. The Queen, however, may at any time adjourn or, as it is called, prorogue it, although she may reconvene it immediately. The effect of a

* By two important acts of Parliament passed in 1884, the membership of the House of Commons was increased to 670, and the electorate (that is, the number of those privileged to vote) increased from 3,000,000 to 5,000,000. Four-fifths of these 5,000,000 are "house-holders."

† The qualifications of a voter depend upon the laws of the State of which he is an inhabitant. (Constitution, Art. I., Sec. 2, Ch. I.) No State, however, can deny or abridge the right of citizens to vote on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. (Art. XV., Sec. 1.) While some of the States have imposed property conditions, the ordinary qualifications are in regard to sex, age, and residence.

prorogation is to stop all business; and upon re-assembling, each House must begin its work anew, except as to impeachment trials or the judicial matters pending in the House of Lords as the Supreme Court. The Queen may also dissolve the Parliament, the effect of a dissolution being to bring it to an absolute end; and then a new Parliament must

repudiate that policy by returning a majority of its opponents, who thus assume the reins of government. The House of Lords is continuous, its only new members being the newly-elected Scottish peers, newly-created English peers, or those who fill the vacancies occasioned by death of Irish or English lords.



INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.*

be summoned and the members of the House of Commons elected as before. The duration of a Parliament depends upon enactments, and, unless dissolved, it may, under the present law, run for seven years. When dissolved, there is no specified time for convening another. The annual supplies of money for the public service, voted by Parliament, necessitate at least one session every year. In speaking of "prorogation" and "dissolution" by the Crown, it is to be understood that "the Crown" means "the Ministry." When the administration of a ministry meets with dissatisfaction, and a vote of "want of confidence" is passed by Parliament, the Ministry are expected to resign or "dissolve" the Parliament, and thus, by bringing about a new election, enable the people of the kingdom to testify their support of the policy of the Ministry, by returning to the House of Commons the friends of the old administration, or to

A Congress can not extend beyond two years, and upon its expiration all public matters before it fall to the ground except impeachment trials in the Senate. It is required to assemble at a stated time at least once in every year, and the President may call an extra or special session of both Houses, or either of them, when deemed advisable. He is also authorized to adjourn a session when the Houses can not agree upon a question of adjournment. The termination of a Congress puts an end to the House of Representatives; the members of the new House, however, are at once ready to organize, having been elected by the people the preceding fall. The Senate is continuous; only one-third of its membership being changed with every Congress.

The House of Commons is practically the Parliament. Its majority controls the ministry, and it can

* From a photograph by G. W. Wilson & Co., Aberdeen, Scotland.

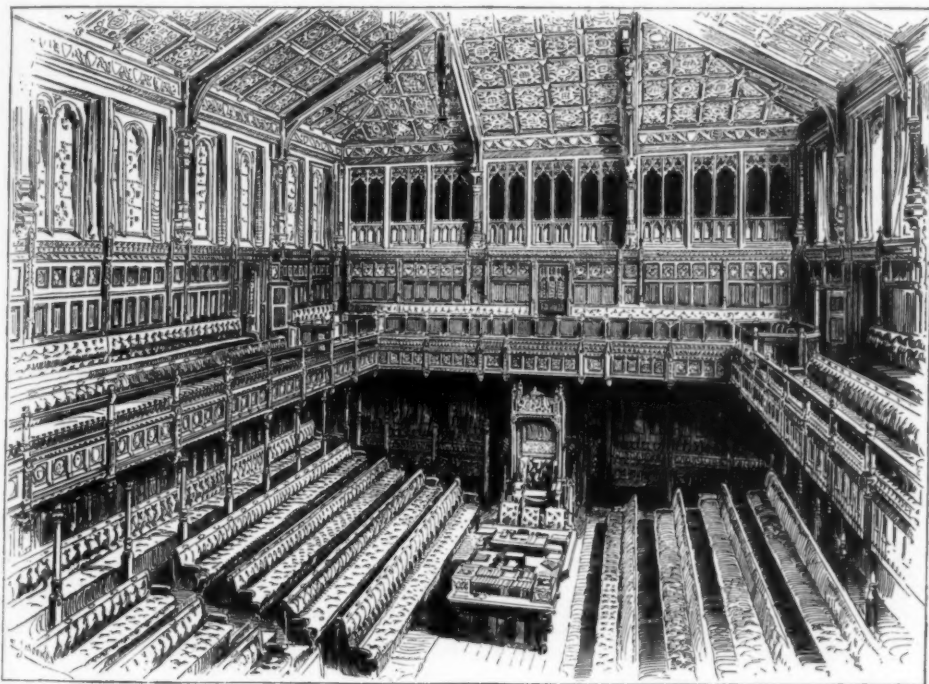
force the House of Lords into an agreement by the threat of creating new peers. This power of the Lower House, therefore, proves that the commonality of the kingdom really run the government.

Each House of Congress is independent of the other. Neither can be coerced. The Lower House is chosen directly by the people, the upper indirectly through the local legislatures of the people. Neither represents a class; they both together represent the people of the republic, who, in fact as well as in theory, run the government.

The power of Parliament is said to be "omnipotent." "Unlike the legislatures of many other countries, it is bound by no fundamental charter or constitution; but has itself the sole constitutional right of establishing or altering the laws and

is thus declared: "The legislative authority of Parliament extends over the entire kingdom, and all its colonies and foreign possessions; and there are no other limits to its power than the willingness of the people to obey, or their power to resist." To adopt the language of Sir Edward Coke, its power "is so transcendent and absolute, that it can not be confined, either for causes or persons, within any bounds!" In short, "Parliament can do everything which is not impossible!"

The power of Congress is limited by the Constitution. Beyond the written provisions of that instrument it can not go. It has no judicial power to declare the extent of its legislative power. The judiciary reads the laws made by Congress in the light of the Constitution, and declares to be void



INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.*

government of the empire." So far from being bound by constitutional restrictions, it is constantly altering the Constitution itself. The House of Lords, as the Supreme Court, can overturn the decisions of subordinate judges, and thus one of the branches of Parliament has the final power to sustain the very laws which it helped to enact. Its power

all statutes that do not come within the limits of constitutional authority. Such statutes have no force.

Enough has been said, perhaps, to show that the Queen has little real power. She can declare war, but the ministry does it for her. Hence the

* From a photograph by G. W. Wilson & Co., Aberdeen, Scotland.

power is that of Parliament. She is supposed to have a "veto" power over parliamentary legislation; but she never exercises it. Her privileges extend to her private revenue and personal security. She receives a large income, has noble palaces and a brilliant court. It would be treason to attempt her life. So also would it be treason to attack other high persons in the realm.

The President can not declare war; Congress can. He has a "veto" power; and it is constantly exercised. His salary is not munificent, he has no magnificent palaces; his person is not sacred. The President is simply an American citizen elected by his fellow-citizens to fill the office for four years. Treason in this country may be punished as Congress shall declare; but what shall constitute treason is expressly declared by the Constitution, as also what testimony shall be necessary to convict a person accused.

There are other privileges enjoyed by the Royal Family, the clergy, and the nobility of England, but we need not refer to them. Whatever may be the official and social distinction between a peer and a commoner, they are both equal in the eye of the law when they appeal to that law for redress, or are brought before it to answer for transgression of it. And day by day the privileges of the upper classes in England are being cut down; day by day the political rights of the commoners are being enlarged.

In the United States we have no privileged classes; all are "equal before the law." There are no privileges to cut down; we have few rights that need to be enlarged.

The English Constitution, with all its changes and additions, is not expressed in formal compacts; it is seen in the traditions, the customs, the unwritten securities of the people.

Our Constitution was expressed in a solemn covenant among ourselves, and can be altered only as provided in that instrument itself. †

The Constitution of England is not the creation of a day or year. It is the growth of centuries, and has been likened to an old and many-towered castle, not constructed all at once after a regular plan, but reared in different stages of the art and altered from time to time as suited its successive owners.

The Constitution of the United States is comparatively the work of an hour. With the achievements of England and the experience of the world before their eyes, our forefathers adopted the plans most suited to their purposes, and reared the structure of our government in colossal and symmetrical proportions.

Both Constitutions are the work of heroism and of genius; and we may add the testimony of that illustrious statesman, the late Premier of Great Britain, the Right Honorable William E. Gladstone:

"As the British Constitution is the most subtle organism which has proceeded from progressive history, so the American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at any given time by the brain and purpose of man."

As the people of Great Britain are the mightiest nation of the Old World, so are *we* the mightiest of the New.

Originally an isle, and with no protection but the valor of her sons and her "crystal bulwarks of defense," the expansion of England's territory and power abroad was like the growth of her Constitution at home. Her possessions now stretch from Canada to India, and from India to Australia, enabling her to boast that upon the sphere of her dominions the sun never ceases to shine.

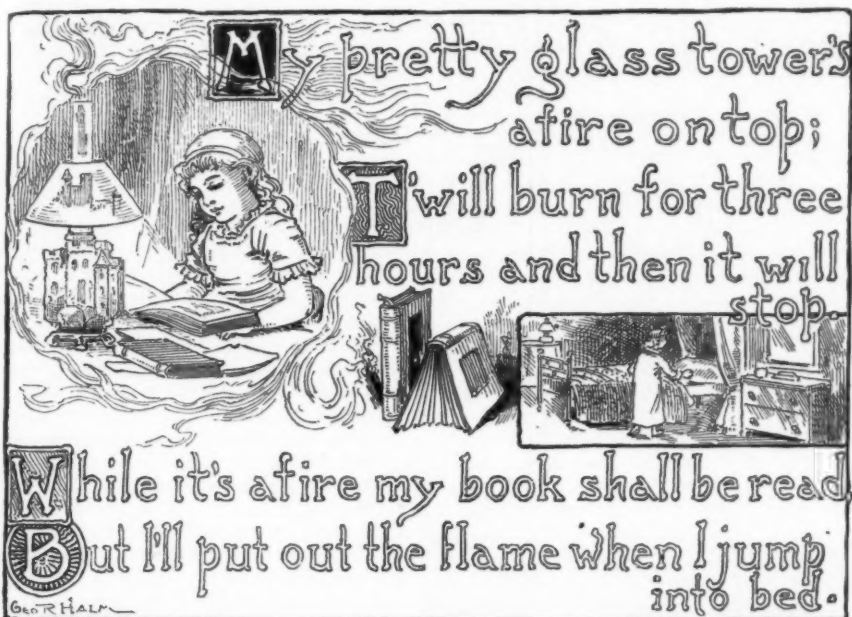
Starting upon our course, with an ocean to the east and a wilderness on our west, we rapidly pushed our way across a continent. Our flag now floats from ocean to ocean, from the southern gulf to the Arctic sea; and as the last rays of the departing day gild for a moment the top of one of our Alaskan peaks, the light of the coming morn flashes upon the rocks of Maine!

While politically separate and distinct, the people of both nations, in sympathy and in destiny, are one.

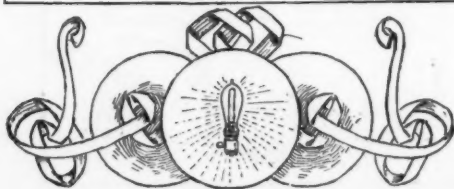
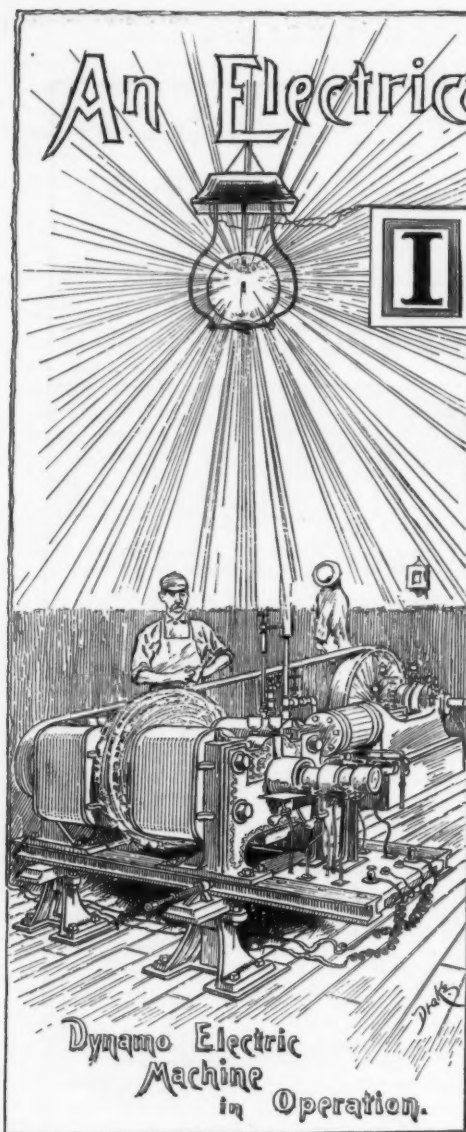
Descended from the same grand heroes of the past, in the glory of those common ancestors we are all entitled equally to share. United by the ties of consanguinity and language, of hallowed memories and thought, in the achievements and endeavors of the future—in England, in America, wherever the restless spirit of English adventure has fixed the standard of authority, or shall hereafter go to spread the civilization of our race—may we all be able to take an equal and an honorable pride!

(To be concluded.)

ANSWERED RIDDLE JINGLES.



An Electrical Engineer.



BY GEORGE J. MANSON.

SUPPOSE that most of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS have seen an electric light. If there are any that have not seen the light itself, they must have seen pictures of night scenes in which the light was represented. Well, this particular method of illumination is comparatively new; it came into general use in the year 1878,—just about eight years ago,—and is therefore as old as the younger readers of this magazine. When it came into use it gave employment to a new class of workers; it created a new and, all things considered, a very good profession, one which it is well worth the while of our boys and young men to consider before they choose a vocation in life,—I mean, the profession of electrical engineering.

I said that the profession was a new one. This is true, but the possible uses of electricity have formed the subject of wide discussion by scientific men during the last ten years. Already we see wonderful results from their discoveries, and there is no telling what these investigations, which they are still patiently pursuing, may yet bring forth.

An electrical engineer is a man who has a thorough knowledge of the powers of electricity, so far as these are known, and the uses to which it has hitherto been put. He makes it his business to manufacture electric machines and lamps, to put them in place for such parties as desire them, and to “run” them, or see that they “go” rightly after they are put up.

In England, where the light is, of course, as much in use as it is in America, there are quite a large number of electrical engineers. They each take contracts individually for setting up electric-lighting “stations” in factories or large buildings, or in such public thoroughfares as private property-owners or town corporations may decide to have illuminated by electricity. These engineers purchase the mechanical appliances needed in one place or another, as they see fit. They buy a steam-engine from one firm, a dynamo-machine from another, the wire of another establishment, and, after fitting up the apparatus, they teach some employee of the establishment how to use it; and going to some

other customer who has decided to have the light put on his premises, they go through the same routine with him.

In our own country the business is carried on differently. Here, there are three or four large companies, each having its own peculiar style of electric light, each taking contracts on its own account to furnish all the machinery and appliances needed, and each employing its own engineers to do the work. It may be said, therefore, that almost all the electrical engineers in this country are in the employ of one or another of these companies.

The duties of an electrical engineer are after this order :

If you have ever been in any of the large manufacturing in our cities, you may have noticed that while the machinery may have been perfect, and the workers cheerful and industrious, the methods of lighting the establishment were generally very inadequate. It is in just such places that the electric light is found to be most useful. Let us suppose, therefore, that our young electrical engineer goes to such an establishment, the proprietors of which have decided to substitute the electric light for the common gas. The first thing the engineer does when he goes to the factory is to "locate," or determine, the number of lamps that will be required. Then he estimates the amount and proper size of the wire that will be required to supply the lamps with the current; the size of the dynamo that will be required, the amount of steam-power required to run it, — in short, he makes an estimate of everything that will be needed. He tells the proprietors of the factory the sum for which the company will contract to do the work. If the estimate is satisfactory, the contract is given, and our young engineer takes full charge of the work until the light is in complete working order. The engineer has, of course, obtained all his materials from the company with which he is connected, has employed its skilled workmen, and, after the light is in good working order, he teaches some one, selected by the proprietors of the factory, how to "run" it, and that is the end of that transaction.

There are two roads to take if you wish to become an electrical engineer, and at the beginning of each one of them I think I see a little sign-board, on which, in good, plain letters, is inscribed, "Hard work!"—while far ahead the roads meet, and there, faintly outlined on another board, I see the word, "Success!"

Although this occupation of electrical engineering is so new, there are three colleges in our country where the theoretical part of the profession is taught, namely: The Stevens Institute of Tech-

nology, at Hoboken, New Jersey; the University of Pennsylvania; and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. There are other schools, but these are the best known. If a young man has gone through the theoretical and partially practical training to be had in either of these institutions, he does not require a great deal of actual experience in doing the work itself to fit him for undertaking almost any task pertaining to the calling.

But some boys may not be able to spare the time or pay the money for this collegiate part of the training. In that case, they endeavor to find employment in one of the factories of the great companies I have mentioned. To obtain admission, however, they must be bright, they must give good promise in the taste they have for mechanical pursuits, as well as in their habits, that they are suited for the profession they seek to enter. Having obtained an entrance, they begin as ordinary employees, doing the simplest kind of work or even drudgery; then they are transferred from one department to another, learning a little at each step they take; until, finally, they have a good knowledge of the manufacturing branch of the profession.

From there they should go to the laboratory, where they obtain the scientific knowledge of the business. To know how the different parts are put together is not of itself sufficient; they must be able to tell *why* they are put together in that particular way; it is just that knowledge which makes them electrical engineers.

Then they are sent out as assistants to the various electric-lighting stations or are temporarily placed in charge of plants which have just been established, and which some amateur engineer is learning how to run. Finally they may be put in charge of a lighting station,—that is, a building from which the lighting power is furnished for the lamps in the immediate neighborhood; and lastly, they may become members of the engineering corps, and put up the electric lights for people in the manner I have described.

Let me enlarge a little in regard to the apprenticeship a boy has to serve in this business.

First of all, keep in mind that it is a new occupation, and in its present state, at least, it is a constantly advancing business. Discoveries are made in it yearly,—one might almost say monthly,—and it is being developed in so many different directions that those who are engaged in it must have very active intellects in order to keep pace with what is going on. To use the words of a very competent authority, "you will have to work hard all day and study all night." It is not like an old-established business, in which what is to be learned is known beforehand, but an occupation where your neighbor, who is a harder student than you are,

may come across some highly valuable discovery or useful hint which could not be found "in the books," but is none the less valuable on that account.

One part of the work is in the laboratory. It is there where the machines used in the business are "thought out," where they are designed, tested, and made ready for use. An engineer, for example, may have put so many pounds of soft iron in conjunction with so many pounds of copper wire, of such a size, and he may think, from the knowledge he has at that time acquired, that they will produce such and such magnetic results. After putting them together, he finds that they do not come up to the standard he has in mind, and so he has to begin all over again.

It is said, also, that the sizes of the wire used and the proportion of one part of the mechanism to another is a matter of very nice calculation, because any lack of proportion entails a constant expense in running the light, which, in a year, would amount to a considerable sum.

The factory is the place where the machines are put up and run. The student, when he enters there, either from the college or the laboratory, follows up what he has been learning, and sees some of the practical operations of his labor. The station I have already mentioned. Though the work there is, in its way, important, a thoroughly qualified electrical engineer is too far advanced to stay there any length of time. He needs to go to work as a maker of the machines, and to strive to invent contrivances to make them cheaper or better. If he remained at the station, his duty would be to see that the machines were taken care of, to properly make the circuits with the machines, to watch them while they run, and to keep them in good condition.

In considering the chances of obtaining employment, it must be borne in mind that the three large

electric-light companies may be said to control the business. In some cities in the United States all three of the companies are in operation, but in the smaller cities and in the towns only one company is represented, the territory on which they work having been previously bought by them. The light is being constantly introduced in new places, and, after a time, when the scientific men have found some method by which it can be made cheaper, we shall doubtless have it in our houses, and shall miss the grave, quiet gasman, with the mysterious book, who comes to our dwellings once a month to "look at the meter."

This is a good profession for a boy with a taste for mechanics, and, as I have intimated, it is certain to become a better one year by year. Starting at low wages, say from three to six dollars a week, it would seem to be a boy's own fault if he did not "work up in the business." There are a few electrical engineers that are now receiving five thousand a year; but the great majority get much less than this sum. From fifteen hundred to five thousand dollars a year would, I believe, be a fair statement of the salaries they receive.

But in the present condition of things, it would seem best for a boy, or a young man bent on succeeding in this occupation, to identify himself with one of the three great companies, the Edison, the Brush, or the Weston. Especially is this true if his principal aim is to get a large salary in the quickest possible space of time. If he goes first with one company and then with another, he can not hope to do as well; and, indeed, he might pursue that policy to such an extent as to be looked upon as a sort of electrical tramp, in whom there dwelt no settled purpose, and who is therefore of no value. Each system has its peculiarities. Let the youth who aspires to be an electrical engineer select the one he deems the best and then master it thoroughly,—as the boys say, "from a to z."



THE PET CAT OF AN ELECTRIC LIGHT COMPANY.

A GREAT IMPROVEMENT.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

YOUNG Archibald Albert, an orderly boy,
Once had, to his very great pleasure and joy,
An autograph-album presented to him.
Its pages were neat and its covers were trim.
Within its gay bindings of superfine leather
He promptly endeavored to gather together
The names of his every relation and friend,
Till the book should be filled from beginning to
end.

But soon he perceived, with surprise and dismay
And disapprobation, the very strange way
In which people wrote in his elegant book,—
He found it distressing to give it a look.
Some autographs proved such a tangle and scrawl
You scarce could determine their letters at all;
While others were crooked, and some seemed
to stray

To the edge of the page, as if running away.
Some looked as if caught in a terrible gale;—
His grandfather's trembled; Grandmother's was pale;

His father's was blotty and straggled awry;
His mother wrote nicely,— he begged her to try.

He pondered the matter, then purchased another
Fine album, as bright and complete as the
other,

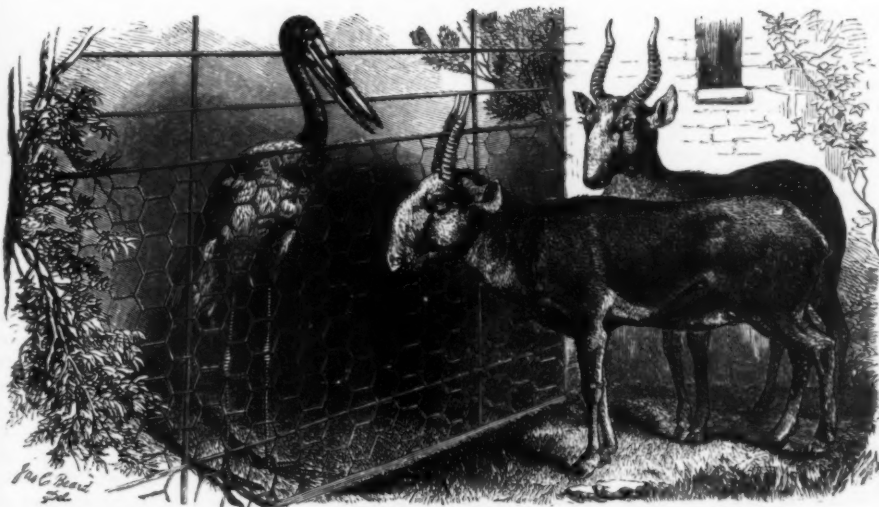
And carefully copied the names, every one,
As neatly and fairly as it could be done.
With every angle and every line
Drawn out like a copy, correctly and fine.

With every i and with every t
Neatly dotted and crossed as they needed to
be.

His letters were regular, even, and nice,
His capitals stately, exact, and precise.

Then Archibald Albert, in viewing the whole,
Breathed a sigh of relief from his orderly soul,
And exclaimed to himself: "It is better, by
half

Than letting each one write his own autograph!"



A CONVERSATION AT THE ZOO.

BIPED: "Are n't those horns in your way?"

QUADRUPEDS: "We don't mind 'em. How do you get on with that bill?"

THE FIRM OF BIG BRAIN, LITTLE BRAIN & CO.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

WE all know that we have brains, but, beyond a general idea that they are the seat of the senses, most of us are wofully ignorant as to what they do or how they do it. Now I am going to tell you a few simple things about your brains, which I think will be both interesting and valuable.

In the first place, the brain consists of five principal divisions, which attend to all the business affairs of the rest of the body. They are the Cerebrum, or Big Brain; the Cerebellum, or Little Brain; the Medulla Oblongata, or Life Department; the Pons Varolii, or Bridge; the Central Ganglia, or Gang. The big words are the scientific and correct names; the others are those I have given them for convenience. Now, each of these parts has a separate and distinct set of duties to perform, and each is divided again into many other parts, which in turn have their particular details to attend to: just as it is in any large establishment.

Before telling you what each part of the brain has to do, I must explain that it is made up of two different but closely interwoven substances,—the gray matter and the white matter. The gray matter consists of a lot of extremely tiny round balls, or cells, in which nervous force is collected and stored up. The white matter consists of a lot of little strings, or tubes, which carry the nervous force from the gray matter in every direction. What nervous force is, or where it comes from, no man in the world has ever yet found out, but it is the force that the Great God has put in us which makes us live and think and move.

The Big Brain (mostly gray matter) is that part which does all the thinking. Like the head of a large establishment, it collects all the information, makes all the plans, and gives all the directions.

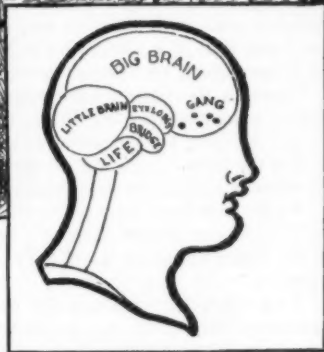
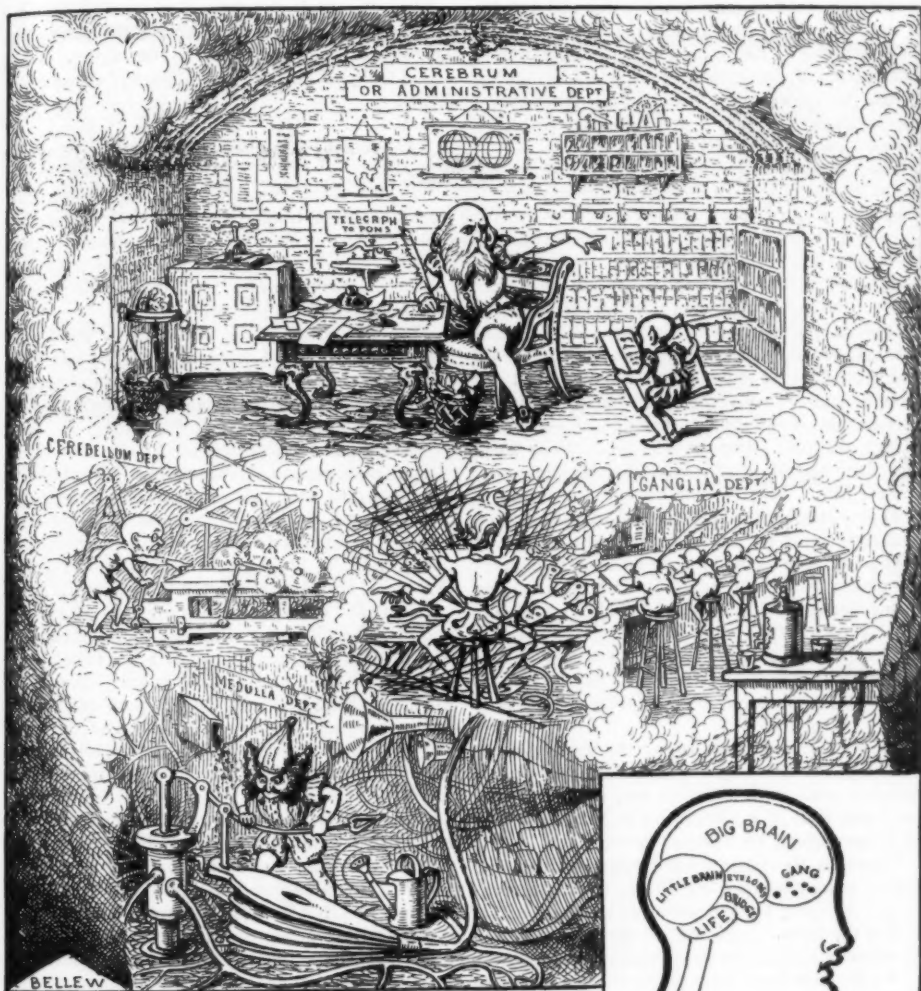
The Little Brain is somewhat in the position of a foreman in a workshop; it sees that certain orders are properly carried out. It directs the motions of the arms, legs, and body. It does not give them motion, for they would move without its help, but it tells them *how* to move. The Big Brain might give the legs an order to walk, but if the Little Brain did not guide and direct them, they would go staggering about and you would tumble down. If you wanted to pick up something from the floor or the table, and you had no Little Brain, your hands would go groping about and would not reach it. It is to such matters that the Little Brain has to attend.

The Medulla, or Life department, as I call it, is a very important organ in a man's brain; for, without it, life would cease to exist. If the Medulla is broken, a man dies at once; but if the whole of the rest of the brain be taken away, so long as the Medulla remains uninjured, life will go on.

What the Medulla has to do is to look after our breathing, or, in other words, to keep our lungs constantly pumping air in and out. It also has to see to the heart and blood-vessels,—that they do their pumping of blood to every part of the body and back again to the heart in a regular and vigorous manner. These are its principal duties, though it has some other minor affairs to attend to, such as the movement of our lips, tongue, and throat, so that we may speak and swallow properly. But its chief work is to keep the lungs and heart going all the time, night and day, from the hour we are born until we die. If it neglects its duty for one moment, then there is an end of us. Now, although this organ is so important, it is a very little bit of a fellow, only an inch and a half long, and weighs but a quarter of an ounce. Still, there it sits at its post at the base of the skull, just where it joins the spine, never sleeping for sixty, eighty, or ninety years, with its fingers on a lot of thread-like nerves leading all over the body, by which it sends telegraphic messages to the lungs, the heart, the lips, the tongue, the throat; always guarding our life, and keeping the pumps and machinery in motion. It is very much like the engineer in a large manufactory or great steamship. It has nothing to do with what they are manufacturing or whether the vessel is bound, but only to keep the fires burning and the engine going till the end of the voyage, when it draws its fires, and—that is called death. So you see the Medulla is a very important organ.

The Bridge is assisted in its work by two organs called the Eye Lobes, or Optic Lobes. What these fellows have to do is to run a kind of central telegraph or telephone office—a receiving and distributing department, to which all messages are first sent, and then forwarded; or perhaps it would be more correct to say, where the wires of different lines are connected just as they are with our city telephone companies, for the different organs do not run independent lines between one another. Besides which, I have a fancy that the Big Brain likes to have a look at all messages which pass, so that it may know what is going on. Now, a

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moment's reflection will show you that if this Bridge department is out of order all business will come to a standstill. Each department may attend to its duties, but nothing comes of it. Medulla may be working away at the bellows, all the Gang may be ready for work, and Little Brain ready too, but no orders reach them from Big Brain,—and Big Brain receiving no demands from the sub-departments thinks everything is all right and does nothing. For example, the stomach may be running out of fuel, and may try to telegraph to that effect, but the Bridge is out of order, no message is delivered, and no one knows anything about the

matter till all the fires go out, and the whole factory stops.

To prove what this organ does, the experiment has been tried on many animals of removing it from the brain, leaving all the rest uninjured. The animal so treated did not seem to suffer any pain nor care about anything, but just sat perfectly still until it starved to death. It seemed to have lost all impulse and desire. And I am inclined to think

that it is a good healthy condition of this bundle of nerves that gives men energy, push, and dash; for how often we find a man with plenty of brains, and capable of doing great deeds, who does not go ahead. It is more than probable that, in such cases, the messages are not being delivered promptly between the departments in his brain.

The Central Ganglia, or Gang as I have named them, are five little gray lumps varying in size from a pea to a pin's head. The Ganglia are nerve-centers, and are strung on the nerves somewhat like shot on a fishing-line, or perhaps they are more like junctions on a railroad, where several lines meet. Their business is to store up certain kinds of knowledge which the Big Brain has studied out. There are many things we habitually do that would seem to require a great deal of thought, and yet we do them with perfect accuracy, although we are all the time thinking of something entirely different. I speak of such actions as walking, dancing, skating, riding, playing the piano, and the like. When we first begin to learn to skate or to play on a musical instrument, we can think of nothing else at the moment we are so engaged; but having once learned we can do either, whenever we please, while our minds are wholly occupied with other matters. This is the kind of knowledge these little Ganglia store up, so that they can attend to this or that duty ever afterwards without troubling the Big Brain about it. They become, as it were, his confidential clerks, agents, or assistants.

So we find our brain is like the business office of a large manufactory or warehouse. And we can imagine some such scene as this enacted in the head and body of a man living in New York city, as he goes about his business for the day:

There, in the large domed upper office of the man's head, sits gray Big Brain, thinking, planning, arranging for the wants and welfare of the rest of the body. Presently an idea strikes him—he telephones down to the Ganglia department:

"Take the body down to the Battery and from there to Union Square, as quickly as you can, and don't bother me about it. I have other things to think of."

"All right, sir," answers the particular Gang who has charge of the legs department, as he telegraphs to Little Brain to look after the walking, and to the Bridge to hurry up the Life department, and off the whole body goes. All this time Big Brain sits quietly in his vaulted office arranging his plans. By and by the body reaches the desired spot at the Battery, and Big Brain telephones the Life department to put his speaking apparatus in motion.

"All right," is telephoned back.

Then Big Brain, by the aid of the Life department, communicates his business to the people he has come to see, and is ready to start again.

Suddenly he hears "tingle, tingle," at the telephone.

"Well, what is it?" he inquires.

It is a message from the Stomach; it wants filling up.

"Bother the Stomach!" cries Big Brain; "it gives me more trouble than all the rest of the concern put together. Tell the Stomach it must wait."

The Stomach growls, "I'll make you pay for this by and by."

Then there are more messages to the Gang department, to Little Brain, the Bridge and Life departments, and off goes the whole establishment to Union Square. After a while, Big Brain having finished his business, telephones down:

"Take the Stomach to dinner."

The dining-room being reached, Big Brain telephones to the Life department to set the chewing and swallowing apparatus in motion, which is immediately done; and the Stomach is filled, while Big Brain goes on thinking and thinking, in his big office at the top of the house.

I shall not enlarge on the doings of Big Brain and his subordinates, as I think I have said enough to show you how the brain works; but I shall only ask you to take a careful look at our picture. In the larger head you will see the positions of the different organs, and a rude indication of the various offices performed by them. At the top is gray old Big Brain giving orders to a little member of the Gang, who, book in hand, is referring to some previous and perhaps half-forgotten order he has received. Around Big Brain are his books, maps, papers, etc., while close at hand are telephones ready to communicate with the four other departments. In Little Brain's department you see him directing the machinery. In the Life department Medulla is hard at work. In the *Pons* department you see the superintendent of this division, Bridge, with his assistants working away at telegraphic machines which operate innumerable wires that communicate with every part of the establishment; in the office of the Gang there are three little clerks hard at work, and one listening at the telephone, whilst an empty stool marks the place of another who has gone upstairs to interview the head of the firm, Mr. Big Brain.

In the lower corner you will see an outline diagram showing the positions of the various parts of the human brain.

And now—through this little allegory—I hope you know more about the contents of your knowledge-box than you did before.



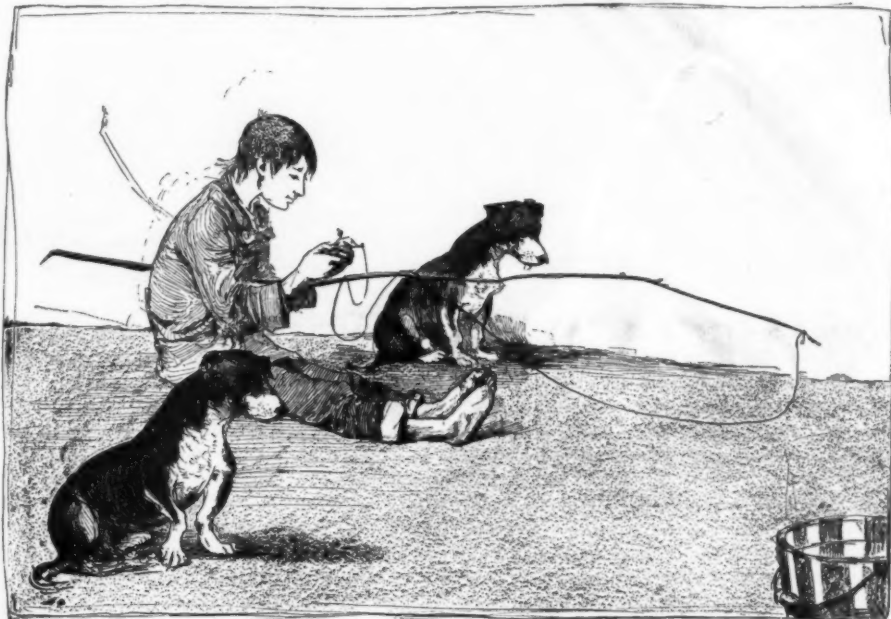
Veritable **MOTHER GOOSE** *Rhymes pictured*
by *A. Brennan*

SIMPLE SIMON met a pie-man,
Going to the fair;
Said Simple Simon to the pie-man:
"Let me taste your ware."

Said the pie-man to Simple Simon:
"Show me first your penny;"
Said Simple Simon to the pie-man:
"Indeed, I haven't any."

Simple Simon went to see
If plums grew on a thistle;
He pricked his fingers very much,
Which made poor Simon whistle.

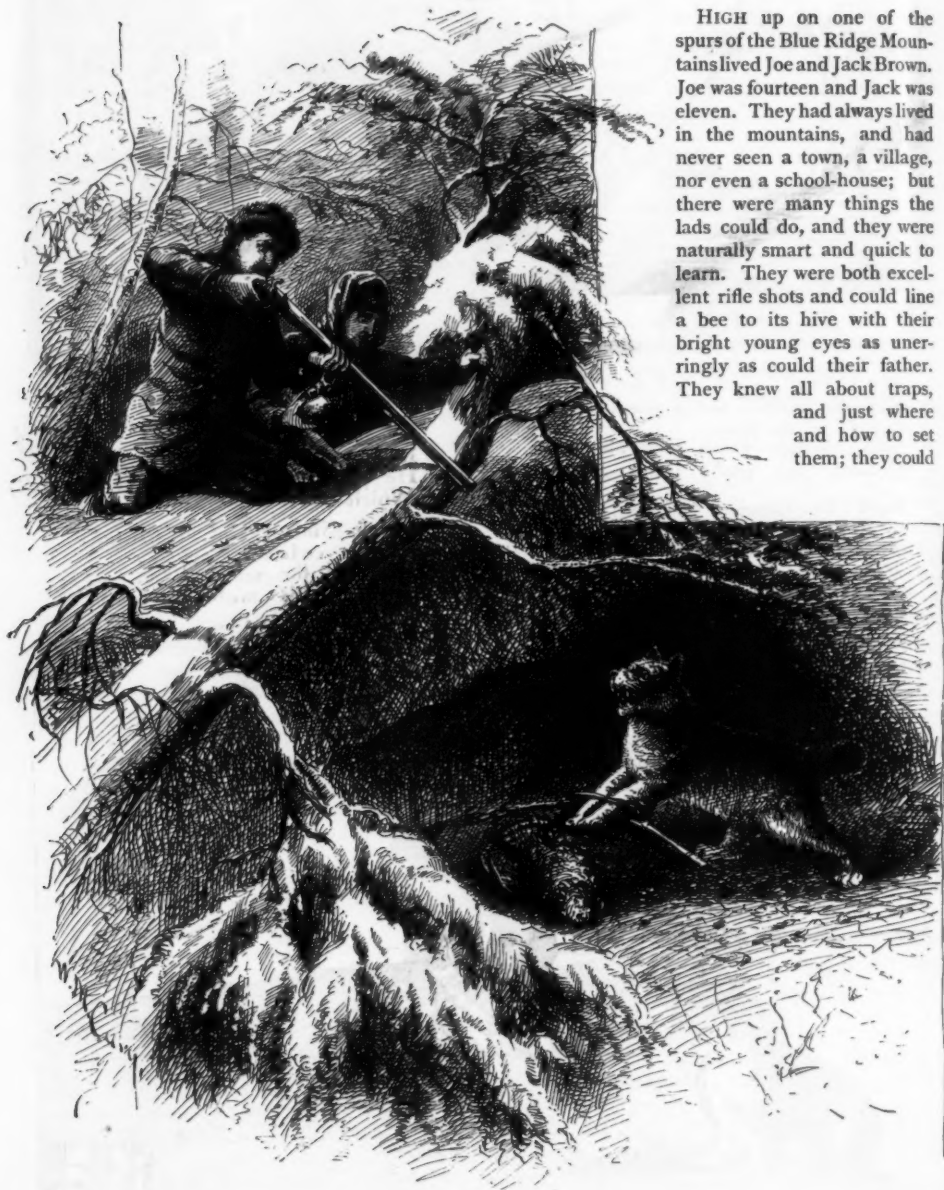
Simple Simon went a'fishing,
For to catch a whale,
And all the water he fished in
Was in his mother's pail.



CATCHING A WILD CAT.

BY WILLIAM CARY.

HIGH up on one of the spurs of the Blue Ridge Mountains lived Joe and Jack Brown. Joe was fourteen and Jack was eleven. They had always lived in the mountains, and had never seen a town, a village, nor even a school-house; but there were many things the lads could do, and they were naturally smart and quick to learn. They were both excellent rifle shots and could line a bee to its hive with their bright young eyes as unerringly as could their father. They knew all about traps, and just where and how to set them; they could



snare the partridge in the woods, and catch with a horse-hair loop the wily old trout that was too wise to bite at a hook.

One day, when the boys were alone in the log-cabin which was their home, they heard their dog Snap growling and barking furiously in the snow outside. Both boys sprang to the door and saw that Snap had cornered a wild cat near the chicken-coop. The dog, however, knew the nature of wild cats, and did not care to risk too close an encounter. But when the cat spied the boys and the gun in Joe's hand, it sprang from the coop and, dashing down a small ravine near the house, disappeared from sight before Joe had a chance to fire at it.

"I tell you, Joe," said Jack; "that 's the very old chap we 've heard caterwauling up in the woods lately. And that 's the meaning of so many partridge feathers down in the hollow, too. Let 's see if we can catch the prowler."

"All right," said Joe; "I 'll get the trap, and you must bring along one of those partridges we snared yesterday, for bait. We can follow the tracks easily enough in this snow."

After shutting Snap in the cabin so that he could not follow them and spoil their sport, the boys started on the trail of the wild cat, Joe carrying the gun, and Jack the trap and partridge. After trudging along for a mile or so through the snow, across the hollow and over fallen logs of birch and hemlock, they came to a mass of overhanging rock, below which was a rocky shelf. On this projection they noticed a break in the rocks, and there the tracks were lost.

"That 's the hole that leads to its den," said Joe, jumping down from a log to the rocky shelf. "Come right along with the trap, Jack."

His brother was soon at his side, and, clearing the snow away from the mouth of the hole, they placed the trap there, prying its jaws wide apart with a heavy stick, and making the chain fast to a big hemlock near by. Then they covered the trap

with a little dirt, and, having tied the partridge just over it, they turned toward home.

They had scarcely left the spot, however, when they were met by Snap, who had somehow escaped from his prison, and had lost no time in following them.

At the same moment the wailing cry of the wild cat sounded almost in their ears from the direction of the den. The startled boys stood still; but Snap, not pausing even to greet his masters, bounded past them with a sudden deep growl.

"Here, Snap—stop, sir!" called Jack, who knew that if the dog met the wild cat there would be a terrible fight. But Snap was not inclined to stop, and the boys sprang after him. Just at the edge of the overhanging rock, Jack, by throwing himself at full length, managed to seize the eager dog by the collar; while Joe, running by them, dropped on his knees, and brought his gun to his shoulder. There, at the mouth of the cave, stood the wild cat, snarling savagely as it caught sight of the boys, while its short tail stood straight out, and its furry back bristled with rage.

Quick as the flash from the rifle, Joe aimed between the gleaming eyeballs and fired,—just as Snap, breaking loose from Jack, followed the bullet, and seized the wild cat by the throat. But Joe's marksmanship had not failed him, and the wild cat was already dead. As soon as Joe had reloaded the gun, the boys jumped after the dog, and found, what they had not noticed in their excitement, that the wild cat was firmly held in the trap by the fore legs. It was doubtless the snapping of the cruel iron jaws that had brought forth the cry from the fierce animal that had so soon fallen a victim to its greed.

When the boys returned to the cabin, bringing the wild cat with them, their father and mother were much surprised and delighted at the pluck of their sons. This was the boys' first exploit of the kind, and they were rather proud that the credit of having slain the wild cat belonged to themselves alone.

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

BY BESSIE CHANDLER.

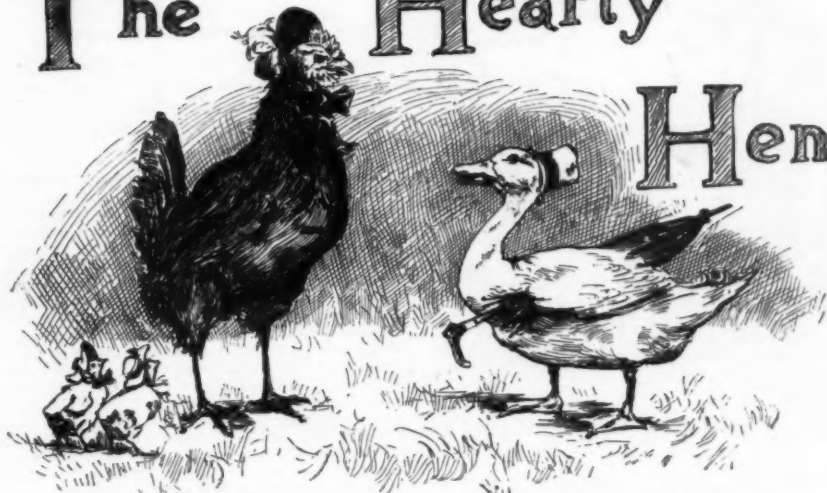
NED goes to the circus with Grandpa,
And sits on a nice cushioned seat,
Where he beams upon the performers
With a smile, confiding and sweet.

But after a while he grows restless,
And then he softly observes:
"If these are preserve seats, Grandpa,
Why don't they pass the preserves?"

FIVE JOLLY ROGUES.



The Hearty Hen



A happy old hen met a discontented duck.
 Clack! clack! quack! quack! quack!
 Said he "I always have the very worst of luck
 Quack! quack! quack!"
 Said she "Of happiness I never lack!
 Cluck! cluck! cluck!"
 "But what do you do when it rains all day?
 Quack! quack! quack!"
 "I find a cosy corner and there I stay!
 Cluck! cluck! cluck!"
 "And what do you do when the sun is hot?
 Quack! quack! quack!"
 "My chicks and I find a shady spot!
 Cluck! cluck! cluck!"
 "And what will you do when you're killed to be eaten?
 Quack! quack! quack!"
 "I'll make a potpie that can't be beaten!
 Cluck! cluck! cluck!"





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

IF I were February, I'll tell you what I'd do,
I'd banish January and start the world anew;
I'd say I did n't like his gush and wishing joy
to all.

My choice would be for sleet and slush and giving
folks a fall.

I'd give them frost and icicles, a thaw, and then
a freeze;

I'd change from skates to bicycles, and laugh
to hear them sneeze;

I'd send the housetop avalanche a-tumbling on
their heads,

And dash between unsteady legs on bob and
single sleds.

And when I'd fully carried out my comical
designs,

I'd make up for my tricks and pranks, with
tender valentines.

But as I'm not February, gentle friends, we'll
proceed to a letter from our little friend "Bee,"
describing what seems to have been

HARDLY A SQUARE MEAL.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: All your children
come to you with questions and discoveries, and I
should like to tell you of something I saw last Sep-
tember. I had some caterpillars under a large fern-
glass, with the hope of seeing them spin cocoons.
One was quite small, and one night he "molted."
His new dress was very bright and handsome;
but what do you think he did with his old one?
He ate it up! I saw him. His manner of eating
was quite peculiar; he lifted his head up and
seemed to find the hairs very hard to swallow.
But he persevered until all had disappeared.
I do not find in my Natural History any such habit
as this recorded of caterpillars. Is it generally

known? I wish I knew more about such things;
but I am ill a great deal, and can not run about
very much. Your loving little friend, BEE.

LIVING BAROMETERS AGAIN.

JUDGING from this letter from your friend
C. F. H., I should say that animals as well as
human folk are accustomed to fidget considerably
about the weather. Many plants also have this
peculiarity, I'm told.

DEAR JACK: I wish to follow my letter about the tree-toad with
a few facts about other natural barometers. To begin with, many
of the wonderful appliances by which we are enabled to determine
what the weather will be to-morrow or next day are of com-
paratively recent invention, and it is within only a few years that
we have enjoyed their benefits. How do you suppose, then, our
forefathers managed without them? They turned to nature herself,
and in many cases were enabled to form opinions almost as correct
in the main as those obtained now with absolute certainty by
machinery or carefully prepared instruments. And nature is not
altogether neglected to-day, as many a farmer does not possess a
barometer or even a thermometer; and if we go out to some locali-
ties in the country, away from the great centers, we shall see men
consulting natural weather prophets. Thus, the birds in their flight
and departure foretell the coming cold, and the clouds do the same,
so that often by looking up at the sky the farmer can judge about
how much of a frost to expect. When he sees the swallows flying
very low, skimming along very near the earth, the farmer looks
at the clouds, and declares that he "must hurry and get that hay in,
for it's going to rain."

I once arranged a miniature artificial lake, really to form a moat
around an island in the center, made of rocks and covered with
living moss. The island was a prison-house for numerous snails,
and slugs; as a rule, they remained concealed in the castle, but sev-
eral hours before a rain, they would come out and crawl up the
leaves of the plants, and so I always knew when it was wise to
take an umbrella when I went out walking. Some snails prophesy
rain several days in advance, and their bodies seem to undergo cer-
tain changes in preparation for the welcome moisture; and I
recently read in a newspaper that the natives of the Chiloe Islands
make use of a curious natural barometer to tell when bad weather
is coming. As described to the Linnean Society of New South
Wales, it is the shell of a crab. The shell is nearly white in dry
weather, but exhibits small red spots on the approach of moisture.
In the rainy season it becomes completely red. And in the same
paper it was stated that a scientist had recently drawn attention
to the human ear as a barometer. He mentioned the sense of
pressure on the ear when a train enters a tunnel, or on rapidly
descending a mine, and declared his ear was sensitive in this way
to a very slight variation in the moisture of the air. But, of course,
the change must be a sudden one, to be felt. Yours truly,

C. F. H.

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

ALL SAINTS' VICARAGE, NORTHAMPTON, ENGLAND.

MY DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I suppose you will think me very
ignorant when I tell you that I don't know how to make pop-corn.
I don't know in what state to get the corn. In England it isn't
made much. I am very fond of St. NICHOLAS. I have taken it for
a year. I like American magazines much better than English; they
have much nicer pictures and stories. I should like to know more
about America and American children. I have three coins from
America,—one dime, which is very pretty, I think; a five-cent bit,
and a three-cent. I hope this letter is not too long to print, and that
some American child will tell me how to make pop-corn.

I remain yours faithfully,

C. H.

A BOTTLED FISH.

I HEARD the Little School-ma'am saying, the other
day, that a bottle, to which a large number of
oysters had attached themselves, was fished up not
long ago by a Baltimore oysterman, and that inside

the bottle was a fish too large to get out of it. Now I must say, as I'm an honest Jack, that this story puzzles me completely. I've no doubt the dear Little School-ma'am could explain it, but perhaps she'd agree to leave the question for you youngsters to decide. How did that fish get into that bottle, and if he could get in, why could n't he get out? He must have been

Several hands were raised: but most conspicuous among them was one chubby and rather soiled fist.

"Well, George, what is Grammar?" I said.

"It's what *learns* us to speak *good*," was the response.

Imagine my feelings! I fear that my labors with that class have not been altogether successful.

The school-house in which I teach commands a fine view of the beautiful Niagara River and of the great International Bridge.

Yours truly,
J. B. H.



WAITING
TO BE NAMED.

a very irrelative fish if he grew too big to get out of the bottle while he was thinking about it.

A HORRIFIED LITTLE SCHOOL-MA'AM.

BUFFALO, N. Y., June 6, 1885.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOL-MA'AM: I am not a little girl or boy, but, instead, a teacher of girls and boys. I wish to tell the readers of your delightful magazine a little incident that happened in my class-room this week.

It occurred to me one day recently that I had never given my pupils a formal definition of English Grammar, and I resolved, before giving it, to call for their ideas on this subject. "Have I a boy or girl in the room," I said, "who can tell me just what grammar is?"

DEACON GREEN wishes me to say that he sends to you, this month, some portraits of your quadruped friends and foes, done up after the manner of a nosegay, so to speak. He thinks that by the aid of your natural histories many of you bright boys and girls will be able to recognize and name nearly all these very serious countenances. He says, moreover, that all wise young folk who are thus successful must feel morally bound to aid their younger brothers and sisters, and, if necessary, their cousins and their uncles and their aunts, in identifying the various members of this queer collection of heads and faces.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A FRIEND OF ST. NICHOLAS, after reading Mr. Manson's "Architect" paper, in the January number, writes us that there are excellent schools of architecture in this country in which both the boys and girls can receive instruction. The course of architecture at Cornell University is a special branch which quite a number of young ladies are pursuing with excellent and highly practical results.

We have received two more interesting letters in reply to Arthur Dart's communication in the December number concerning curve-pitching. The first comes from a lieutenant of artillery, who asserts that even cannon-balls curve; while the second correspondent explains with a diagram why the ball, if it rotates, has to curve either "in" or "out." Every boy reader who can understand the subject, therefore, will be interested in these letters.

MORE ABOUT CURVE-PITCHING.

"HOW SCIENCE WON THE GAME."

FORT MONROE, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It has been some years since I have taken a hand in a game of ball, but I read Mr. Harvey's story in your October number with interest, all the same, and found nothing at all strange in it respecting "curves," although in my boyhood days pitchers knew nothing of such things. But I have heard my son speak of them often enough.

If Arthur Dart's father made the subject a study, he did so to little purpose, and in these days no boy's mind should be put in doubt as to whether "science wins."

You must know, then, that my profession has to do with "pitching" ball, and though we do not desire to do so, we pitch with a most decided "curve," every time; and when I say "curve" here I mean a curve to the right or left, not one due to gravity. When I tell the boys that we can pitch a big 16-inch ball of iron or steel weighing 2000 pounds or more, and comply with Mr. Dart's "three-stake" test every time, no doubt they will think it a harder test than if tried with their balls; but of course I must have the stakes proportionately farther apart, as my pitching is to range some ten miles, more or less.

Without going into an explanation of the reasons for the existence of such curves, I think that I can readily place the boys upon the way to a demonstration of the fact,—for they all spin tops. Given a top, with a hard, fine point, to spin upon a flat, smooth surface, such as a plate of glass, and the fact of the "curve-pitching" will be practically demonstrated, and in a manner not to be accounted for by the friction between the point and glass. Spin the top to rotate in one direction, and you will have a right-hand curve; spin it so as to rotate in the opposite direction, and the result will be a left-handed curve,—and these curves will always result from the rotation.

Rotation, then, is the secret, and that a ball pitcher can acquire the necessary skill to give his ball a given rotation, and thereby secure the desired "curve," seems perfectly simple and easy to believe.

But to go back to the big balls, and the big guns with which we pitch them.

We do not desire to "pitch with a curve," but as we are obliged to give the ball rotation in order to secure stability of flight, we must of necessity "pitch with a curve," and to pitch or shoot well, we always have to take the curve—which we call *drift*—into account.

All of your boy readers know what a rifle is, and as a rifle acts just like the largest guns or cannon, we will consider it. In this country all of our makers give their rifles a "right-handed twist," as can be seen by looking at the bore.

Of course the ball rotates, or spins to the right, and the drift resulting is *always* to the right, and is considerably more than one would imagine. Take, for instance, the army musket. In 1000 yards, the ball from a musket will drift off to the right more than 43 inches. In other words, if you were firing at a target 1000 yards off, with a musket, and aimed so as to hit the bull's-eye without taking the *drift* into account, you would miss it every time: the curve would be so great that the ball which started out in a line over the "plate," as the base-ball saying is, would curve so much—as to go quite behind the target.

In a rifle with a "left-handed" pitch to the grooves, the result would be just the reverse: the ball would curve to the left, and would do so every time. It can, therefore, readily be seen that the "three-stake" test could be complied with, and that, too, in either direction. To test it in both directions, however, would require two

guns,—one with a right and the other with a left-handed twist, but otherwise exactly alike, and using the same ammunition.

Your boys will no doubt consider the range of 1000 yards,—and I might extend it to ten miles, when the "drift" would be very great,—and imagine that in "proportion" the curve that they can give a base-ball will not be much, and some "old boys" who do not like to admit that "science will win," may take the same view. It is only necessary to point out the relative specific gravity of the different balls, and I am ready to believe that a skillful pitcher can give his ball a very decided "drift" or "curve," within a very short distance, and may cause it to deviate either to the right or left at will, and also to vary at will the natural curve due to gravitation.

I should also note the fact that our cannon-balls are elongated; this, however, does not alter the fact of the "drift," though it does to some extent change its degree.

A. D. S.

PHILADELPHIA, November 30.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The question of "curved pitching" is raised in the story of "How Science Won the Game," in your October number, and the fact of its performance and the means to its accomplishment duly set forth. In the December Letter-box, the reality of the curve is re-asserted in the face of skeptical criticism; yet its explanation as a physical problem is but vaguely suggested.

I shall not readily forget the chill autumn afternoon, some twelve years ago, when in my first match game played on the grounds of the Naval Academy, the reality of curved pitching was most forcibly and discouragingly brought home to me by "three strikes and out!" The "in curve" was no new thing as an inconstant feature of the "underhand throw"; but this was my first experience of the "out curve," at least, as a matter under the control of the pitcher, and not a mere unintended, accidental course of the ball. Obtaining no help toward an explanation from those to whom I applied (on the contrary, many assurances that it was a physical impossibility), I studied the subject and promptly arrived at an easy solution, satisfactory to most persons with whom I have discussed it. As this may be of interest to some of your readers, I take the liberty of presenting it.

The ball in its flight is retarded in its forward motion by the resistance of the air, which acts upon it precisely as though the ball were at rest and the wind blowing against it as a rate equal to the motion of the ball. This exerts a pressure on the front of the ball and a friction on its sides, just as the water so manifestly does upon a vessel. If the ball is merely moving straightforward, the friction is the same on top and bottom, right and left, and the effect is only to slow the forward motion. But if the ball rotates as well as moves forward, we have a changed relation—a part of the ball's surface is moving against the air with greater rapidity than the rest, as a diagram will make clear. If the ball (or strictly its center of gravity) is moving forward (let us say at the rate of one hundred feet per second), and at the same time it is revolving so that points on its equator are traveling around its center at an equal rate, it is evident that *d* is traveling backward as fast as the ball, as a whole, moves forward; while *b* is moving forward at its own rate *plus* that of the center—that is, twice as fast as *c*. As the friction of the air increases with the velocity of the moving object, it must be greatest at *b* and least at *d*, being really zero at *d* under the conditions given. The *b* side of the ball is therefore retarded more than the center or any other part, while the *d* side suffers no retardation. The result must be a curve toward the retarded side. When the rotation is on a nearly vertical axis, this effect will be at its maximum, and, according to the direction of its "twist," the ball will curve to the right or to the left—"in" or "out."



In this explanation the effect of gravity is assumed to be nearly a constant force; and not knowing the approximate velocity of "swift pitching," I do not attempt to consider whether the resistance of the air is proportional in this case to the first power, the square, or the cube of the velocity. These points can affect the question of degree only. This is merely a solution as worked out by a boy, and possibly of interest to other boys. Looking recently at a treatise on gunnery, I found the explanation far more fully and scientifically set forth, with careful consideration of all the elements of the problem, in connection with the "drift" of a shot fired from a rifled cannon. Should the above explanation seem sufficiently clear, I should be glad to have it used as an anonymous communication to the Letter-box.

Very respectfully,

THE LETTER-BOX.

NEW YORK.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like the story of the Fragile Palm Tree. I think it is very funny. I like the composition of "The Lion;" it is very nice. Mamma reads every word of you to me. I am seven years old. My little sister is very much excited about the picture, in the December number, of Santa Claus trying to get down the chimney.
 Your affectionate reader
 PAULINE T.

We print this interesting letter from a Hungarian girl, just as she wrote it, queer spelling, punctuation, and all.

HUNGRIA Apponyi, 3-12, 1885.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS! I live in a very nice village, its name is Appony, we have twenty minutes walk from our hall in which we dwell, to another castle that is a ruin now, it is surrounded by very old oaks. On summer days we go there often, then I wish the trees could speak and tell me all about her. We are six children my eldest brother is 12 and I am 11 years, the youngest the darling of us all, is a lovely baby brother ten months old he walked already a month ago, and laughs always, he patters about all day long with his little blue shoes but of course not quite alone.

I have been taking you since november 1885, but Mama gave me the two binded volumes of last year. I love you very much indeed. What a pity it comes only once every month it seems eternally to wait for the continuation.

I would be so happy if you would print my little letter in the letterbox. Our favorite tale is "His own fault" "Little Lord Fauntleroy" seems very nice too and my little sister Fanny likes "the Magic Watches" the best.

your deeply interested little reader
 P. S. I like the letterboxes very much.

THERESA APPONYI.

BLACKSTONE, MASS.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have written to you once before, but have never seen my name in the Letter-box, so I will try again.

We have taken you ever since you were first published, and "hope you will never die," as Charlie B. says. One evening, when my little sister Alice and I were reading you together, Alice said, "What is home without St. NICHOLAS?"

We have just had all our St. NICHOLASES bound, and Papa has bought a bookcase to put them and the *Century* in: they do look so bright and pretty. I am fifteen and Alice is twelve. I think that Lena E. R. is a very patriotic girl. I, too, like to read about the Civil War. I think General Grant one of the *bravest* generals the world has ever known.

I thought "His One Fault" was just splendid! I like all of Trowbridge's stories, if I am a girl, and they are boys' stories. Alice thinks the Brownies are so funny.

One evening, when she was sick and had not smiled all day, I got the St. NICHOLAS, which had come that day, and we looked it over together; when we came to "The Brownies at the Sea-shore," she commenced to laugh heartily, and seemed ever so much better.

I like the new cover of the St. NICHOLAS very much.

Hoping that you may be able to print this letter, I remain,
 Your constant reader,
 MARY L. B.

CATTARAUGUS, N. Y.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write you a short letter, as I have not seen any letter from this place since I have taken you. I go to school every day, and slide down hill after school. I have three pets,—a bird, a cat, and a pony. My pony's name is Jessie. My mamma and papa gave the St. NICHOLAS to me three years ago for a New Year's present, and I have taken it ever since.

Hoping you will print this letter, I remain,
 Your faithful reader,
 NELLIE E. R.

ESSLINGEN, WÜRTEMBERG.
 MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here I am, far, far away from home! Just think, 4000 miles away from home! and whenever my dear parents send my dear old St. NICHOLAS, I feel as if it were something from my old home that greets me and makes me feel happy; so I forget my homesickness a little. It is now about five years since Father brought me for the first time a number of St. NICHOLAS (we then used to live in South Bend, Indiana), and I begged him to get it for me every month; and ever since I am always waiting anxiously for the 25th of the month, to get my dear St. NICHOLAS. I have several volumes bound, and when I feel very homesick I go and sit

down and read in my dear St. NICHOLAS, and it makes me feel all right again.

Since last April I have been here with my dear Grandma, and shall probably stay here till 1887. We have several young ladies from England with us for an education (Grandma keeps a boarding-school for young ladies), also one from Colorado, and they all think that old St. NICHOLAS is just the best and nicest book they know.
 MINNIE F.

THESE lines are sent us as having been written by a little girl twelve years old:

THE SNOW.

SEE the snow! It's the first of the year.
 Has it come with tidings of cheer
 Of the happy Christmas and glad New Year?

Or have those little flakes so frail
 Come to herald the winter gale,
 And make heard the wind's hoarse wail?

The fields are covered with a downy white,
 For the snow was gathering all last night,
 When I was having dreams so bright.

GRACE MILLIKEN.

HARRISONBURG, VA.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been intending to write to you for some time, and I have made up my mind to write to-day. I have just finished reading the Christmas number, which I enjoyed very much. Though I am a girl, I like to play ball, and often watch the boys play. I was very much interested in the story, "How Science Won the Game!" I am very fond of riding, and I have taken some very long rides. One evening I started out riding on a pony that had been ridden by a lady only a few times, and had not been ridden by any one for some time. He did not seem inclined to go any faster than a walk, so I touched him lightly with my riding-whip. He immediately stopped, and commenced bucking. I was so surprised that I was thrown on the pony's neck, but did not fall. Luckily my foot was in the stirrup, so I regained my seat, and tried gentleness and persuasion. It was of no avail, so I gave him a severe cut with the whip. He stopped again, and began to kick and tried to throw me. I was determined not to give up my ride, so I set to work to conquer him, and finally succeeded in making him go. I must now close my letter. With many good wishes,
 I remain, your devoted reader,
 IMOGENE A.—

P. S. I forgot to tell you that I was fifteen yesterday, and my father gave me a \$20 trunk.

LANCASTER, N. H.
 MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like "Little Lord Fauntleroy" very much. I don't go to school, but I read nearly all the last number to myself. I have you every year for my birthday present.
 From your affectionate reader,
 PUSSEY E. R.—

BUTTE.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you ever since 1879. I like your stories more and more every year. I have 1884 bound, and I am going to have 1885 bound too, so as to keep "His One Fault" and "Davy and the Goblin." You are the best book I have ever read. What do you always stop at an interesting part of a story for? I am only a little boy ten years old, but I love to read.
 WILLIE M. GILBERT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I must tell you of something funny that happened on the sidewalk opposite our house not long ago. There is a public school-house on the other side of the street, and some of the boys made a slide on the sidewalk just after the first snow-storm this year. There is a queer, hot-tempered man who lives in a little house next door to the school-house. The boys all say that he is very cross, and I am sure from the way he acts that he does not like the boys. One day, soon after the boys made their slide, I was at our front window, at about ten o'clock in the morning. The boys were all in the school-house then; and I saw the old man come out of his house with a pile of ashes and begin to shovel them upon the slide,—when, what do you think happened? Why, all of a sudden, while he was busy with his shovel, his feet slid from under him, his arms shot out, the shovel went one way and his fur cap another, and the

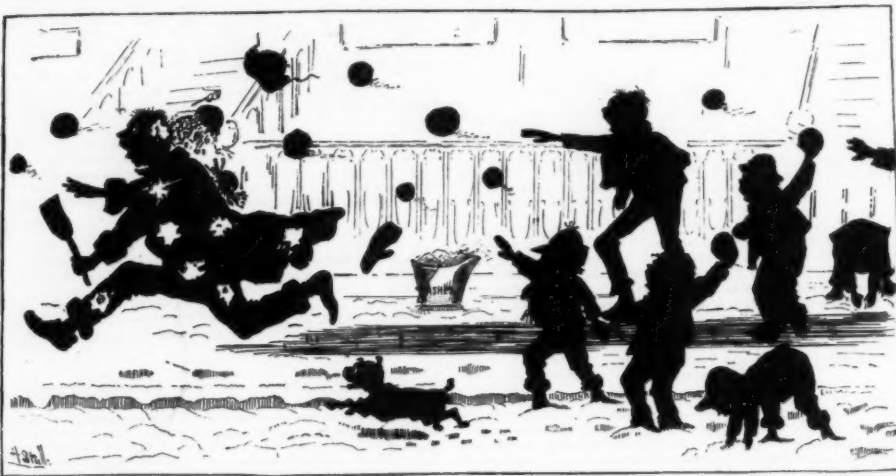
pail of ashes was tossed so that nearly all the ashes fell over his head and shoulders: I could not help laughing, to save my life; and you must n't think it was mean, for I saw three or four grown people walking along the street who laughed, too. But the cross man did n't laugh, and he looked very much vexed as he went back into the house.

About half-past two, while all the boys were in the school-house, the old man came out again with his shovel, and some more ashes, but he had not even begun to sprinkle the ashes when the crowd of newsboys ran out from behind the fence and began to snow-ball him with all their might. I supposed he would have them arrested, but



But that was not all, for at recess, a few minutes later, the boys came out and swept all the ashes off; and somebody must have told them who had tried to spoil their slide, for I could hear a lot of them talking it over at noontime as they went home to lunch.

instead of that he just dropped his pail of ashes, turned and ran as fast as he could run, and never stopped till he got into his own house. You ought to have heard my big brother laugh! He said "the score of the snow-ballers was ten out of a possible sixteen."



And, anyhow, they got some newsboys to guard their slide for them that afternoon. My big brother was laid up with a sprained ankle that day, but when I told him what had happened in the morning, and that I could see the newsboys hiding behind the corner fence, he said he must see the fun if there was going to be any; so we moved his chair to the front window, and he and I watched.

But now the man who has charge of the school-building has to clean off the sidewalk every morning, so I think the man who was snow-balled must have spoken to the policeman about it. If he did, he succeeded in spoiling the boys' slide, after all.

Yours truly,

JOHNNIE L.

CAMBRIDGE, ILLINOIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have enjoyed reading your pleasant stories for the past two years. I have read the story about "Santa Claus on a Lark." It is very entertaining, and I think your little friends will think so, after they have read it. Mamma enjoys the stories about the "Brownies." I am nine years old, and will be ten the first day of May. Now I shall tell you about what I saw up at Chicago. If I should tell you all, it would be too long a letter, so I will tell you about Lincoln Park. Papa took me to see the animals. First I saw two seals, and they acted very strangely; one of them would lie on a stone and then put his head down in the water and slip off in the water, and then he would swim in the water a little while, and then he would put his head out of the water and then dash down in the water again. And then I saw some eagles and the red fox and some wolves. There was a lion there, but we could not see it because it was in its den. And then I saw two polar bears and three large black bears and some cinnamon bears. I guess I had better close now.

Your affectionate subscriber,
DAISY MAY G.—

NEW WINDSOR.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for seven years, and we think you are the best children's magazine anywhere. We are

away at boarding-school for the first time, but we are with our Aunt, which makes it easier for us. I am glad Mrs. Burnett is going to write for us. We are afraid you will have to shorten our letter, but please print it, as we have always been anxious to write to you. Good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS. Your loving little friends,

MARY (12), JOSIE (14).

WE acknowledge with thanks the receipt of pleasant letters from the following young friends: Albert R. Parker, Clyde Williamson, Lady Loula, L. G. Levy, Ellen Mary Boulton, George G. Gould, Clara M. Upton, S. Rutledge, Kate Leonard, Agnes Barton, Susie L. Smith, Margaret Bullock, Willis E. Dunning, J. B. and S. B., Harry Drewett, Eva Brannon, E. T. and C., Loretta, C. Phalen, Clara S. Weil, Gussie Sweisfort, J. A. Wheat, Jesse Lemon, Rose M. Louis, Wallie Bassett, Florence B. Sturtevant, Retta and Rena, Fannie F. Dale, Louise Parrish, Isabel Kaplan, Oscar Hirsh, Louella M., Ira Jefferson M., Martha Washington M., Hal W., A. M., Mary W. McNair, Rosalie Gould, Th. Fr. M., Annie R. Wells, Jeanie G. Warren, Hattie A. Lengel, Maud Fawcett, Georgie, Pansy Kirkwood, Ella Friend, and Bessie C. Pike.



A COURSE IN MINERALOGY.

PROFESSOR W. O. CROSBY, of the Boston Society of Natural History, Boston, Mass., has volunteered to conduct a class through a course of ten observation lessons in elementary mineralogy. It is proposed that the course be freely open to every one, whether a member of the A. A. or not; and all who desire to avail themselves of this opportunity may send their names at once to Professor Crosby. The course will be based upon a collection of twenty-five typical specimens, which, with a magnet and some glass tubes for chemical tests, will be sent to each member of the class. The first lesson is printed here to enable those joining the class to go to work immediately; but the remaining lessons will be issued in the form of leaflets, which will be forwarded to students as rapidly as required. It is desired that no books be used in connection with this course; for the first and principal aim of the beginner should be to learn to observe and describe minerals accurately—to see them with the eyes of a mineralogist. But this important object is defeated if we begin our study of a mineral by reading a printed description of it. The specimens are not required for this first lesson, in which brief explanations of the principal properties of minerals and the terms to be used in describing them are followed by lists of familiar substances to test the students' powers of observation and discrimination.

To help cover the cost of specimens, leaflets, and postage, a fee of one dollar and fifty cents will be charged.

Professor Crosby also offers to name specimens of minerals and rocks. For this purpose, small fragments, which can be easily sent by mail and need not be returned, are usually sufficient. These should be numbered to correspond with the larger specimens retained, and a stamp inclosed for the answer. This is an opportunity such as is seldom afforded to young persons outside of large cities, and it will be to the interest of all to accept it promptly. Teachers, by taking this course with their pupils, will do them a life-long service; and parents can easily pursue these simple lessons with their children.

LESSON I. PROPERTIES OF MINERALS.

FORM AND STRUCTURE.—Minerals are either *crystalline* or *uncrystalline*. Quartz crystal, white marble, rock-salt, and snow are crystalline; and copper, glass, clay, and agate are uncrystalline, or massive, *i. e.*, not visibly crystalline.

A. If a mineral is crystalline, it may be a single more or less perfect crystal. In that case, its form should be carefully described, noting the number of sides or planes of the crystal, their shapes, and the way in which they are arranged, *i. e.*, whether so as to make a cube, prism, or pyramid, etc.

B. Or it may be a fragment of a crystal; and then, in addition to some of the outside planes, it will usually show on the broken sides similar flat surfaces, due to the fact that in certain directions the crystal breaks or splits in a regular manner. This regular splitting, or fracture, is known as *crystalline cleavage*; and it is important to observe whether a broken crystal shows cleavage in one direction only, or in several directions; and whether these directions meet at right angles or obliquely.

C. Or the crystalline mineral may be a confused mass of small, imperfect crystals, showing no regular, crystalline form, but sparkling when turned in the light, the light being reflected by numerous irregular planes and cleavage planes. Common white marble and loaf-sugar are good examples of such crystalline aggregates.

If a mineral is not crystalline, or at least not visibly so, it may still possess various more or less definite forms and structures. It may be columnar, as in the staurolite, or globular, as in the geode; and it may be fibrous, as in asbestos; or made up of layers (banded), as agate.

Make some crystals by slowly evaporating a saturated solution of alum, and describe their forms; also describe the forms of any minerals you may have.

HARDNESS.—By the hardness of a mineral we mean the resistance which it offers, not to breaking, but to scratching. Diamond is the hardest of all minerals, because it is the most difficult to scratch,

although it is very easily broken on account of its cleavage. Mineralogists measure the hardness of minerals by comparing them with a series of ten minerals known as the *scales of hardness*. No. 1 of this scale is talc, a very soft mineral, and No. 10 is diamond. But with the thumb-nail, a knife, and a piece of quartz, the hardness of all common minerals may be determined accurately enough for ordinary purposes. Minerals having hardness under 2 by the scale, can be scratched with the nail. If the hardness is between 2 and 4, the mineral can not be scratched with the nail, but scratched very easily with the point of the knife-blade. If the hardness is between 4 and 6, it can be still scratched with the knife, but not so easily. If the hardness is between 6 and 7, it can not be scratched with the knife, but can be scratched with the corner of a piece of quartz, which is No. 7 of the scale of hardness. And if the hardness is above 7, it can not be scratched with the quartz.

Determine in this way, as nearly as you can, the hardness of ice, glass, copper, iron, and any minerals you may have.

SPECIFIC GRAVITY.—By the specific gravity, or density of a mineral, we mean its weight compared with that of an equal volume of water. If a cubic inch or any volume of a mineral weighs three times as much as the same volume of water, its specific gravity is 3, and so on. This important property of minerals is determined by weighing the specimen in the air and then in water, and dividing the weight in air by the difference between that and the weight in water. With a little practice, however, the specific gravity can be estimated with considerable accuracy by simply lifting the specimens, especially if we remember the specific gravities of a few familiar substances for comparison. The specific gravity of ice is a little less than 1; of coal, about 1.5; of rock-salt, a little more than 2; of white marble, 2.75; of common iron ore, 4 to 5; and of iron, 7.5. The great majority of minerals fall between 2 and 5, and very few are heavier than iron. The extreme range, however, is from minerals lighter than water to gold and platinum, which are more than twenty times heavier than water. Estimate, by lifting, the specific gravity of any minerals you may have in a sufficiently pure state, remembering that for this purpose it is essential that the specimen should not be a mixture of several minerals.

LUSTER.—By luster we mean the degree and nature of the polish, or glance, of a mineral; in other words, its brilliancy, or shininess. If the mineral resembles a metal, *i. e.*, has the luster or shine of a true metal, such as silver or copper, its luster is *metallic*, otherwise it is *non-metallic*. The non-metallic luster embraces several important varieties. Non-metallic minerals commonly have the *vitreous* luster resembling glass (quartz is a good example). A few look like resin, having the *resinous* luster. Scaly minerals, like mica and talc, usually have the *pearly* luster; and finely fibrous minerals, such as asbestos, have the *silky* luster. Non-metallic (vitreous, resinous, pearly, and silky) minerals are never perfectly opaque when in thin pieces. Metallic minerals are perfectly opaque under all circumstances. When a mineral has no polish or shine, like clay, it is described as lusterless, or *dull*. Luster is quite distinct from color; and substances having the same luster may vary greatly in color. Thus gold, silver, copper, and iron are all metallic. Determine the luster of the following: tin, zinc, coal, polished marble, sugar, salt, ice, and chalk.

COLOR AND STREAK.—The different shades of color in minerals require no explanation. But it is important to know that the color of the pulverized is often distinct from that of the solid mineral. The latter is the color proper, and the former is called the *streak*, because we most readily determine it by scratching the surface of the mineral; *i. e.*, making a streak upon it of its own powder. This is not the best time to explain this difference between the solid mineral and powder; but colored glass may be mentioned as a good illustration, since, whatever its color, it will give a white or nearly white powder when pulverized. With metallic minerals, the color and streak are usually the same; but with non-metallic minerals they are usually different, except when the mineral is white, the streak being white or light-colored. Compare the color and streak of any minerals you may have.

On receipt of the report on this lesson from each member of the class, such further explanations of the properties of minerals as he or she may require will be forwarded, with the specimens and the leaflet for the second lesson.

The general plan for the future lessons is to have the specimens numbered, and then to explain certain observations and experiments to be made with specimens Nos. 1, 2, and 3. The reports on this lesson will be criticised and returned to the students, with printed labels for the three specimens and a full description of the same for comparison with their descriptions, which will, of course, be partial and imperfect, and with explanation of experiments and observations to be made on a second series of specimens, and so on.

SECOND GENERAL CONVENTION OF THE A. A.

We now have the pleasure of laying before our Chapters the following cordial and official invitation to hold our second convention at Davenport, Iowa.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.

H. H. BALLARD ESQ., LENOX, MASS.

DEAR SIR: I have now heard from all of the Executive Committee of the Iowa Assembly of the A. A., as well as from several other members, and without a single exception they are heartily

in favor of having the general convention held under our auspices at Davenport. I returned from that city last night, where I have been to consult the Chapters there, and I find them very anxious to entertain the convention. In extending this invitation, we fully realize the responsibility placed upon both Davenport and our State Assembly; but we have taken due consideration of the undertaking, and we promise, if our invitation is accepted, to give our best endeavors for a successful meeting.—Yours truly, E. P. BOYNTON, Cor. Sec. Chap. 64, and President I. A. A.

In the opinion of the President of the A. A., we all should accept this invitation, and each Chapter that is able should be represented by one or more delegates. It is true Davenport is not near us of the East, but it is near the center of United States, and we must remember that very many of our best Chapters are a thousand miles farther west than that. Moreover, the expense and labor attendant upon such a convention make it too great a burden for a single Chapter to undertake. The delegates to the Iowa State Convention will alone form a large nucleus for the General Convention, and assure its success in advance. We print also a part of a letter from Mr. Putnam, of Davenport:

"I have just heard from Mr. Boynton, of Cedar Rapids, that you are pleased with the idea of coming to Davenport. Hurrah for Iowa and Davenport! We know that it means money and work for us, but we are in for it. We think of holding our State Convention on Tuesday and Wednesday, then we can give a reception to the General Association on Wednesday evening, have sessions Thursday and Friday. Thursday morning we might spend in visiting the Academy of Sciences here, and in the evening have a lecture. On one afternoon Government Island can be visited, and there will be a Lawn party at 'Woodlawn,' a suburban place in which one of our members lives. We are located in the midst of numerous works of the mound-builders, and are well situated for the collection of many kinds of specimens. We have a population of 25,000, and Rock Island and Moline, just across the river, swell this to 50,000. We will secure reduced railroad and hotel rates. I am authorized by our Chapter to extend an invitation to the A. A., to be present in our city at the Second General Convention of the A. A., to be held under the auspices of the I. A. A.

"Yours respectfully,

EDWARD R. PUTNAM."

Nothing could be more cordial than these official invitations. It is now of urgent importance that each Chapter signify at once its acceptance thereof, or its regrets that it can not be there represented. Please take immediate action in this matter, and communicate at the first convenient moment with Mr. E. P. Boynton, President of the Iowa Assembly, 303 Third Avenue, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and also with the President of the A. A.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

PROF. H. T. CRESSON's address (see Handbook of A. A., p. 64) should now be changed to 234 S. Broad street, Philadelphia.

A COMICAL TAME CROW.

The following interesting account of a tame crow comes to us from Rev. Thos. J. Wyatt, of Reisterstown, Md.

"The interesting thing about our crow is, that all his developments have been entirely spontaneous. We named him Corvus, and he always responds to his name. Wherever any farming operation is going on he is immediately there, and struts up and down like an old gentleman. At such times he does not hesitate to jump on the shoulders and heads of those at work. He seeks constantly to attract attention, talking incessantly in his own way until his purpose is accomplished, but is a very good listener so long as he is addressed in kind tones. Anything like scolding enrages him greatly, and he lies down on his back, kicks with his feet, and threatens with his bill. He is very fond of a bath, and often stands on the edge of the pump-tub, while some one deluges his back. He often does battle with the game chickens, using his wings only as a last resort. He is a kleptomaniac. Thimbles, scissors, and all kinds of jewelry are carried off whenever he can get hold of them.

"Finding a fragment of ice, too cold to hold in his beak, he placed it in the pump-spout and drank the drops as it thawed.

"Flocks of crows sometimes come near him, but, strange to say, he pays no heed to them.

"The plumage of his back is turning white in places."

REPORTS OF CHAPTERS.

NEXT month we are to print the first installment of Chapter reports on the new plan explained in the November, 1885, report. Reports from Chapters 101-200 should be sent in as near February 1 as possible.

EXCHANGES.

Allenite in granite, magnetite crystals, muscovite, flint, etc. Correspondence desired.—W. E. Harding, So. Framingham, Mass.

All kinds of minerals from Rocky Mountains, curiosities, petrifications, ores, etc., in exchange for minerals, curiosities, books, etc. Please write for list, etc.—Kurt Kleinschmidt, P. O. Box 292, Helena, Montana. *Acrotus*, *Arctostaphylos*, or "bird's-eye coral," for insects or shells.—Clifton Coldren, Iowa City, Iowa.

Minerals, for birds' skins and eggs. Lists exchanged. Write first.
 —Wm. D. Grier, 49 Gloucester street, Boston, Mass.
 Second-hand Maury's "Physical Geography," and Brewer's "Science of Familiar Things," in good order, for *Lepidoptera* and *Coleoptera*.—Miss Jennie Judge, Box 215, Savannah, Georgia.
 Minerals of all descriptions, for fossils, etc. Correspondence solicited.—J. B. Fite, 1517 North 22d street, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Cocoons of *Attacus Cecropia*, for others. Correspondence solicited.—Bradley M. Davis, 369 Mohawk street, Chicago, Ill.
 Minerals, and correspondence.—Joseph Bosler, Jr., Carlisle, Pa.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
909	New York, N. Y. (X)	6.	Carlton R. Radcliffe, 18 East 127th Street.
910	Shortsville, N. Y. (A)	15.	Mabel E. Brown.
911	Brick Church, N. J. (A)	9.	Wilbur Kyle (Essex Co.)
912	Brookline, Mass. (C)	1.	Miss Ethel Stanwood.
913	Providence, R. I. (F)	12.	Howard D. Wilcox, 41 Elmwood Street.
914	Milwaukee, Wis. (G)	14.	Miss Alice L. Grey, 904 Winchester Street.

915	Newark, Ohio (A)	6.	Joseph Miller, Box 157.
916	Kittanning, Pa. (A)	5.	Miss R. K. Heilman, P. O. Box 310.
917	Wellesley Hills, Mass. (A)	11.	Miss Mary N. Valentine, Box 88.
918	Pennington, N. J. (A)	12.	Herbert Westwood (Seminary).
919	Springfield, Ill. (A)	13.	Miss Annie Hickox, S. E. Cor. Cook and 7th Sts.
920	Auburndale, Mass. (A)	5.	Miss Annie L. Tourge, Riverside School.
921	Washington, D. C. (J)	15.	Miss Ellen F. Goodwin, School 5, Gr. 5, Gale's Building.

DISSOLVED.

758	Philadelphia, (D1)		R. E. Clay.
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REORGANIZED.

142	Leavenworth, Kan. (A)	4.	Chas. L. Hopper, 208 South 57th Street.
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Address all communications regarding the A. A. to the President:
 MR. HARLAN H. BALLARD,
 Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.



This differs from the ordinary numerical enigma, in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of forty-seven letters, is, as the title states, a Chinese proverb.

ZIGZAG.

EACH of the words described contains four letters, and the zigzag (beginning at the upper left-hand letter) will spell what is said to happen every Valentine's Day.

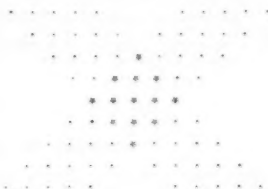
1. A snare. 2. A pronoun. 3. An excuse. 4. A pretense. 5. A draught. 6. To desist. 7. A famous battle fought by the French in 1790. 8. Without a name. 9. Parts of a horse. 10. A

goddess of Roman mythology. 11. To float. 12. Very dark. 13. A metal. 14. To cause to stumble. 15. Commands. 16. To fail.
 HENRY C. ROBERTS.

WORD SQUARE.

1. Spheres. 2. The Arabic name of the Supreme Being. 3. A ruminating animal of South America. 4. Crippled. 5. To screen.
 H. W. P.

RHOMBOID CROSS AND DOUBLE DIAMOND.



UPPER LEFT-HAND RHOMBOID (across): 1. One who helps. 2. A preparation of lettuce and lobster. 3. A scriptural name. 4. A city of Afghanistan. 5. The national god of the Philistines. Downward: 1. A letter. 2. A verb. 3. To obstruct. 4. The valley in which David slew Goliath. 5. Fumed. 6. The Christian name of David Copperfield's first wife. 7. Something tied over the mouth, to prevent speech. 8. A preposition. 9. A letter.

UPPER RIGHT-HAND RHOMBOID (across): 1. Pertaining to the sun. 2. Dens. 3. Yawned. 4. The stem of a plant used for wicker-work. 5. The national god of the Philistines. Downward: 1. A letter. 2. An inseparable prefix. 3. Something tied over the mouth to prevent speech. 4. A famous Roman consul. 5. A dye-wood found in Asia. 6. A place for baking. 7. Conducted. 8. Similar. 9. A letter.

CENTRAL DOUBLE DIAMOND (across): 1. A letter. 2. A small animal. 3. The fish-god. 4. A person. 5. A letter. Downward: 1. A letter. 2. An engine of war. 3. A wandering tribe of African robbers. 4. A weight. 5. A letter.

LOWER LEFT-HAND RHOMBOID (across): 1. The fish-god. 2. A native of Rome. 3. Brandishes. 4. A number. 5. Small cottages. Downward: 1. A letter. 2. In like manner. 3. Rainy. 4. To be delirious. 5. Birds of the pigeon family. 6. So let it be. 7. Commonly used for illuminating purposes. 8. Upon. 9. A letter.

LOWER RIGHT-HAND RHOMBOID (across): 1. The fish-god. 2. Land belonging to a nobleman. 3. A surgical instrument. 4. An Oriental soldier of India. 5. To hinder. Downward: 1. A letter. 2. A verb. 3. Used for illuminating purposes. 4. Units. 5. Renowned. 6. A heavy cord. 7. A word denoting refusal. 8. A pronoun. 9. A letter.
 L. LOS REGNI.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

I. My initials and finals name a well-known novel.
CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. To praise. 2. A character in the play of *Othello*. 3. A rent. 4. A row. 5. A scriptural name. 6. A departure.

II. My initials and finals each form the surname of a former President of the United States.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. A Syriac word meaning "father." 2. Deceased. 3. Surface. 4. To mutilate. 5. Large bodies of water.

M. E. W., JR., AND "PUZ."

BROKEN WORDS.

EXAMPLE: Break to pardon, and make a preposition and to bestow. Answer, for-give.

1. Break a bird, and make to fold over and part of an army.
2. Break to perform to excess, and make above and a division in a drama.
3. Break one of the same name, and make to nominate and purpose.
4. Break a name sometimes given to an emigrant, and make a color and a musical instrument.
5. Break the end, and make part of a fish and a verb.
6. Break diligent, and make part of the head and a case of boxes.
7. Break a familiar piece of furniture, and make observing and a brittle substance.
8. Break the pole star, and make burdens and a sailor.
9. Break a Grecian theater, and make a short poem and upon.
10. Break to separate chaff by wind, and make to gain and at this time.

When the foregoing words have been rightly guessed, and written one below the other, the initials of the first row of words will spell the name of a famous poet born in February; the initials of the second row of words will spell the name of a famous soldier and statesman who was born in February.

CYRIL DEANE.

PI.

Vneer a tngih os krad adn redar,
Renew a lucre dinw os lhici,
Tub gonliv ethars can keam ti lacer,
Nad mid emos trocrom ni ti slit.

BESSIE.

DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. To tittle. 3. An evergreen tree. 4. Inferior parish officers. 5. A department of the *St. Nicholas* magazine. 6. Full of misery. 7. To repel by force. 8. The sun. 9. A letter.

F. L. F.

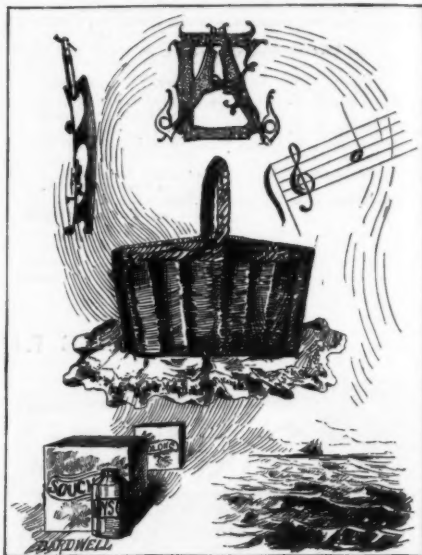
INVERTED PYRAMIDS.

I. ACROSS: 1. An extensive country of South America. 2. Aborigines. 3. Attired. 4. Mankind. 5. In pyramids. DOWNWARD: 1. In pyramids. 2. An article. 3. A sailor. 4. A particle. 5. Taunts. 6. A furnace. 7. A boy's nickname. 8. A verb. 9. In pyramids.

II. ACROSS: 1. A flat-bottomed boat. 2. Sailors. 3. Languished. 4. Moisture. 5. In crowned. DOWNWARD: 1. In crowned. 2. A verb. 3. To strike gently. 4. Unproductive. 5. Sapped. 6. Over again. 7. A color. 8. A Roman coin. 9. In crowned.

L. LOS REGNI.

ILLUSTRATED WORD-DWINDLE.



FIND A word of six letters that will rightly describe one of the six objects here pictured. Remove one letter, and transpose the remaining letters and the name of another object will be formed, and so on till only a single letter remains.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Nicer. 2. Inure. 3. Cubes. 4. Erect. 5. Rests. TWO DIAMONDS. I. 1. P. 2. Aug. 3. Arrow. 4. Puritan. 5. Gothic. 6. Was. 7. N. II. 1. G. 2. Bed. 3. Bonus. 4. Genes. 5. Dusty. 6. Sty. 7. A.

RHOMBOID. 1. Salem. 2. Maria. 3. Patch. 4. Serum. 5. Rebel.

RIDDLE. Palace. PI. The wave is breaking on the shore,—
The echo fading from the chime,—
Again the shadow moveth o'er,
The dial plate of time.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Wolfe. "The New Year."

CUBE AND INCLOSED SQUARE. Cube. From 1 to 2, Australia; 2 to 6, axletrees; 5 to 6, datestrees; 1 to 5, announced; 3 to 4, smartweed; 4 to 8, departing; 7 to 8, spreading; 3 to 7, smartness; 1 to 3, avert; 2 to 4, avoid; 6 to 8, sting; 5 to 7, dimes. Included word-square: 1. Smart. 2. Malar. 3. Alone. 4. Range. 5. Trees.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Another year! How swift the time doth glide!
I trust 'twill bear thee on its peaceful tide;
And may it prove to thee, what'er betide,
A bright new year.

JANUARY PUZZLE. Epiphany. 1. ahElf. 2. paPer. 3. child. 4. biPed. 5. asHes. 6. chAir. 7. caNdy. 8. drYad.

The names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to *St. Nicholas* "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO NOVEMBER PUZZLES were received, too late for acknowledgment in the January number, from Maud Mudon, London, 2.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 20, from "B. L. Z. Bub, No. 1" — Paul Reese — "Hyslop" — Arthur Gride — Jamie, Papa, and Mamma — "B. L. Z. Bub, No. 1" — Woodbury — J. B. Longacre — Carey E. Melville — Albert S. Gould — "Punch, Judy, and Elsie" — Hallie Couch — J. A. and E. D. Sabine — The Knight Family — "San Anselmo Valley" — Harry Meeder — "L. Los Regni" — "Chawley boy" — Lulu May — "Judith" — Ida Maude Preston — Louise Webster Rosseter — Ella and Helen — Maud E. Palmer — J. A. Kellogg — "S. S." — "Shumway Hen and Chickens" — Effie K. Talboys — "Nippy Doo" and "Tidri Aye" — Francis W. Islip — Jennie P. Miller — Fanny R. Jackson — "Blithedale."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 20, from "Chippie Bird," 7 — Anna F. Doggett, 1 — Florence E. Milligan, 1 — James H. Laycock, 1 — Jean B. G., 1 — Lucia C. Bradley, 4 — Marie Louise, 3 — Ethel M. Bennett, 1 — Marian R. Young, 1 — L. G. Levy, 1 — "Kit and Gert," 1 — Rena, 1 — M. G. B., 1 — Anna Tuttle, 1 — No Name, Brooklyn, 5 — Carrie and Ida, 1 — "Locust Dale Folks," 5 — Alice B. Smith, 1 — Belle Murdock, 5 — Charlotte B. Capen, 3 — Charley Mason, 3 — George T. Hughes, 2 — "Old Carthusian," 5 — "Eureka," 3 — "Patience and Impatience," 4 — Mary Phayre, 1 — Felix and Dick, 1 — Lulu Culver, 5 — "Denzil Elinor," 1 — George S. Seymour, 3 — Don and Hal, 2 — Sallie Viles, 7 — "Katy Did," 7 — Nellie and Reggie, 6 — Sam Bissell, 1 — Albert W. Lindsay, 5 — Lucie Ward, 1 — Ida and Edith M. Swanwick, 6 — Clark Holbrook, 1 — Harrison Allen, Jr., 2 — Eleanor and Maude Pearl, 4 — Daisy and Mabel, 6 — Edith L. Young and Jennie L. Dupuis, 6 — Carrie W. Frederick, 6 — "Pepper and Maria," 5 — L. Lloyd, 2 — "San Rafael," 7 — Ernest B. Cooper, 6 — Loui Zeppenfeld, 5 — Kate Yerger, 2.

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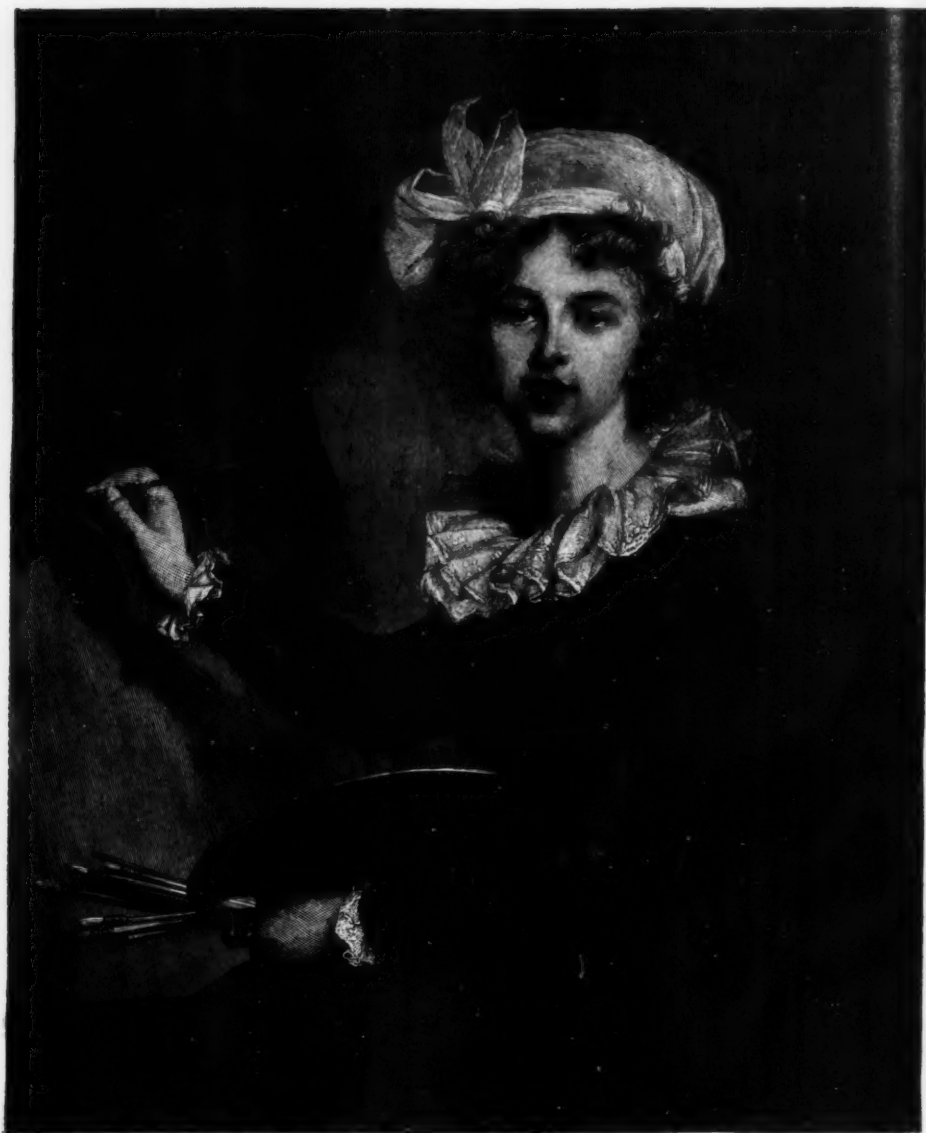
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MADAME LE BRUN'S PORTRAIT OF HERSELF.

ENGRAVED FOR ST. NICHOLAS BY T. JOHNSON, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PAINTING. BY PERMISSION OF A. BRAUN & CO., PARIS.
(See page 327.)

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